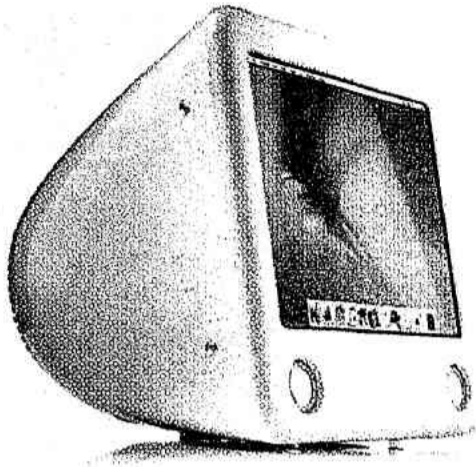




# Woroni

issue 7 vol 54 august 2002





eMac

## Apple's Most Affordable G4

17 inch flat display, all-in-one design, 40GB drive, and award-winning software included.

BIG student discounts.  
On campus - free parking.



AppleCentre Canberra

Ph: 02 6257 0808 • Fax: 02 6257 5085 • ABN: 52 649 139 045  
www.applecentrecanberracity.com.au  
Cnr Barry Drive and North Road, ACTON, ACT 2601



Authorised Service Provider



Authorised Reseller

## COMEDY CLUB @ INSOMNIA EVERY WEDNESDAY Upcoming Comedians

>> Jonathon Atherton -3/4

>> Brad Oakes -10/4

wednesday

happy hour 9pm-10pm  
1/2 price entry to  
**Comedy Club** with  
UNI PRIVILEGES CARD  
(UPC)

thursday

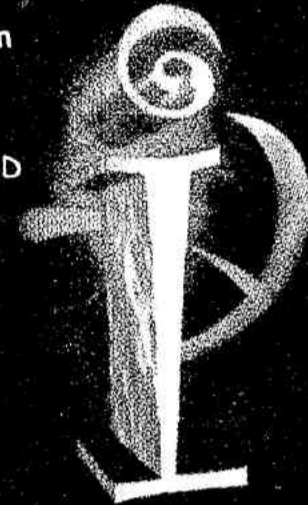
2-4-1 drinks  
from 9pm-1am

friday

no cover charge  
2-4-1 with UPC  
10pm-11pm

saturday

\$5 cover charge  
+ 2-4-1 drinks  
with UPC from  
9.30pm-11pm



insomnia

contact 62480102 available anytime for functions, partys and sponsorship  
50 Northbourne Ave, Canberra City

# CHIFLEY REFURBISHMENT PROJECT

Creating a better and safer building for you and future Users to enjoy.

## BOOK RESTRICTIONS

To allow work to continue on the refurbishment project, zone two on level 4 (2nd floor) will be subject to restricted access from 1 August - 6 September (approximately). The classifications that are located within this area include:

- N6370.C45 - NZ
- P - PH
- PL (Chifley Only)
- PM - PN
- PQ1 - PQ2030

Books from this classification range can be accessed by ordering them either via the web at

<http://anulib.anu.edu.au/getchifleybooks>

or by completing a request form available from the JB Chifley building. Please note that books can be held for 24 hours ONLY after pick-up due to space restrictions.

## OPENING HOURS

To allow work to progress with the refurbishment the weekend opening hours for the JB Chifley Building from 22 July - 18 October are:

Saturday	CLOSED
Sunday	11am - 6.45pm

To compensate for this inconvenience, Chifley will be open for extended hours on Sundays as above, and the WK Hancock building will be open on Saturdays from 9.15am - 4.45pm

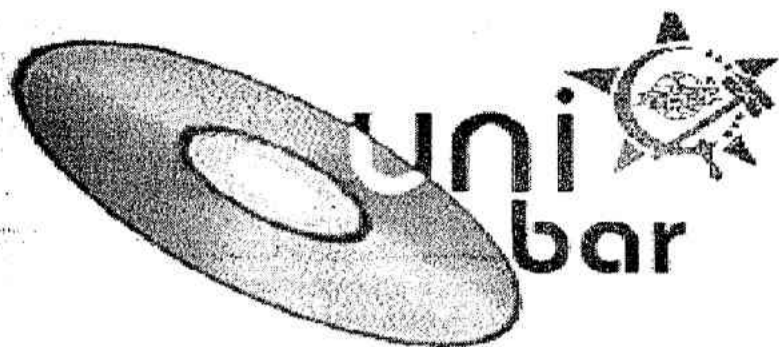
Between October 19 and November 29 the JB Chifley building will be open on Saturdays from 1pm - 4.45pm and the longer Sunday hours will continue.

Further information is available on the web at:  
[http://anulib.anu.edu.au/news/stories/chifley\\_upgrade.html](http://anulib.anu.edu.au/news/stories/chifley_upgrade.html)



THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY  
DIVISION OF INFORMATION





| pool tables | live music | jukebox |

## RUSKI

presents

- 15TH AUG PACER, SUSAN LIKES GIRLS & lots more!
- 17TH AUG BODYJAR one dollar short & seconds away
- 21ST AUG DIRTY LUCY next of kin & the ten horse foundation
- 23RD AUG SERENADE & guests
- 24TH AUG POP SHOW CASE (10 bands)
- 29TH AUG JIG ZAG & JAZ
- 31ST AUG COG & snap to zero (SA unearth winner)

EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 5PM  
POOL COMP & JOKER POKER

TICKETS NOW ON SALE AT STUDENT UNION OFFICE

### COMING SOON

A.C.T. Boxing / Resin Dogs  
DJ Arthur Baker (USA) / Pacifer (aka Shihad)

ANU UNI BAR

Phone: 6125 3660 Concert line: 61252546 Website: www.anuuni.com.au  
Doors for all concerts open at 8pm (unless noted)  
All concerts are 18+ and photo ID must be presented

## in this issue:



agitating for education p10



lucy sargeson reports on the feminist fight for education

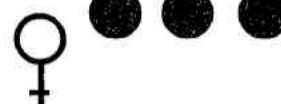


1100 miles is too far inside a car...p14

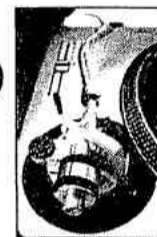


"matilda" fordinggrass-mavis gives you the ultimate road trip guide

spinsters p16



lexi metherell checks out the female canberra dj scene



crude oil versus the naked truth p18



virginia oliphant investigates the oil companies operating in nigeria, and the women who are protesting against them

we're all going on a... bogan holiday p31

armed with flannies and a stuffed fox wearing a tiara, andrei seeto jumps right into the deep end of boganville



plus all your old favourites...

- news...4
- opinions...6
- letters...8
- cds...22
- books...23
- films...24
- cult...25
- fame...26
- the 'strine...28
- dear taxi driver...30



**editors:** alexi metherell, miranda tetlow, merryn spencer and amber beavis.

**features editor:** andrei seeto **'strine editor:** mat kenneally **news and letters editor:** ali jenkins **entertainment editors:** thom mackey and sarah spiller **opinion editor:** sarah spiller **advertising:** shanika dias and natasha shahidullah **cover:** gemma marsh and merryn spencer **special thanks to:** christine carmody, who unsuspectingly played cover grrl for us.

**contributors:** amber beavis, simone de boudoir, melita carmeline, janette carpenter, louise chamberlie, candy the cheerleader, liz cotton, irma crotchet, nadia doerat, marcus finlay, matilda fordinggrass-mavis, nadna gerc, amy haddad, daniel heard, nicola jackson, john john-shebabanoo jnr., "simple" tom keneally, alastair lawrie, randy lovespurt, thom mackey, dan(iel) mackinlay, dougal mcschooner, marla the tumour, schulz marshall, fruity macscoopage, alexi metherell, ben nguyen, virginia oliphant, sam pietsch, belinda robillard, arthur roundhouse, lucy sargeson, andrei seeto, sarah spiller, moose withdrawal sufferer, miranda tetlow, eman tihsllub, lyn thomsett, sandee vanka and joanne yin.

**thanks to:** professor jim davis, michelle mcwilliam, bob wong, bridget maidment and alice kingsland for proofreading assistance, anu security escorts and brian's bus. to nice taxi drivers, however rare they might be. when we do find you, you rock. a hearty welcome also to thom m, who joins the hip and happenin' woroni gang for the rest of the year, and a sad farewell to leo, who jets off this week. hejda och lycka till, or however you say it in swedish.

**no thanks to:** fucking computers, people who wantonly abuse, the sudden emergence of the new sycophantic student polly contingent, people who drill holes in cement at 6.30am, and the guy who burnt me on the arm with a cigarette at Machine Gun Fellatio on Friday night. you can all fuck off and die.

woroni is the official publication of the anu students' association. you can contact us via the phone on 6248 7127, fax 6125 3967 or email at woroni\_articles@anu.edu.au. if you'd rather meet us people in person please come and visit the office in the student services building (near the chifley library, above the commonwealth bank). look for the irresistably handsome people. the opinions expressed in woroni are not necessarily those of the editors or the students' association, we're all just a little bit enigmatic when it comes down to it. enjoy this issue of woroni and stay

## cheaters lose their spots

nad na gerc

If you thought plagiarism and cheating would give you an edge over your fellow students, then maybe you should think again. A study by a University of Canberra psychology honours student has shown that 81 per cent of university students have plagiarised work and 40 per cent have cheated in exams. Helen Marsden, who is continuing her research as a PhD student at the University of Adelaide, conducted the study at four Universities including two in Canberra.

The study found that not only did many students plagiarise and cheat, but that a lot of students actually put quite a lot of time and effort into cheating in order to get better marks and to es-

cape detection. A third year commerce student at the ANU who obviously would like to remain nameless, admitted to sharing answers with mates during the less strictly policed minor mark commerce tests held in lecture theatres, SMSing friends on the outside to request answers in a pre-organised code from both the men's toilets and the exam room "before they bloody banned mobile phones", and using the old gem of wearing shorts and writing notes on his upper leg. Apparently "writing notes on the inner skin of your fingers is the best because it's easy to get to and easy to hide. The only problem is that unless you're really skilful you can only do it on one hand."

The captured cheater or plagiariser faces much more serious problems than scrubbing ink off legs and hands. The ANU has strict policies to counter plagiarism including ejection from University for repeat offenders. This has enormous repercussions for such students seeking to finish their degrees at other universities, as most universities are reluctant to accept students dishonoured by plagiarism. The study makes it clear that these deterrents are not effective. Few students have been thrown out of university for plagiarism, and cheating continues under the very noses of the sharpest invigilators. The study indicated that engineering students, males, and students in the first few years of their degree were the most likely to

cheat, and that those studying journalism, nursing, science or business were more likely to plagiarise than others. Students who were academically confident and valued learning more than achieving high marks were found to be much less likely to engage in either. What the study fails to reveal is why all of this cheating and plagiarising is going unchecked.

So, if everyone is cheating and plagiarising, where's the academic edge? The study makes the point that many students spend more time scouting for material to "cut and paste" than it would take to complete the work. Maybe it's time for a degree in cheating to be created. Then what would everyone do?

## no vc for nelson's heroics

sandee vanka

Fears that Australia will become a stagnant swamp of uneducated cave-dwellers can be put to rest, if only for a short time. The Federal Opposition, the Democrats, students, university staff and now all 38 Vice-Chancellors of Australia's public universities have rejected Federal Government proposals to radically overhaul university funding. President of the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee, Deryck Schreuder agrees that a new funding system needs to be constructed, but said that the options that Minister for Education, Brendan Nelson, had laid out in July's Higher Education Review were not the solution. The preferred funding system

for the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee is one where universities decide their own HECS-based fee levels depending on the types of research being undertaken and the priorities of the individual institutions. The options suggested in the Higher Education Review advocated either deregulation, or maintaining the status quo. It is the issue of deregulation that has been almost universally opposed. Mr Schreuder made the point that "Australia's universities need an increase in funding...total deregulation is not the answer." This was supported in early August by both the ALP and the Democrats. The one point on which

everyone seems to agree is that university funding needs to change. The Federal Government has it that they already contribute too much, yet students are suffering under HECS debt, our greatest academics are disappearing overseas, and students continue to pay to sit in overcrowded lecture theatres and for basic services. Mr Schreuder also pointed out that a system that is created to serve all universities identically, as the current system does, would never be as successful as a system that "allows for different but effective approaches." The Minister for Education had acknowledged that the recommendations of the Vice-Chancellors would

be especially relevant to the success of any new system. This rejection by the whole committee is a blow to the government's attempts to deregulate. While no student would be quick to say that the Australian Vice-Chancellors' Committee's rejection is the final word on the issue of deregulation, the Vice-Chancellors actively taking a stand against the government is an indication that the interests of students are at last being represented at the highest level.

## anu students land on planet dance

miranda tetlow

No doubt based on its wide appeal to Canberra audiences last year, The Playhouse will once again host *Quantum Leap*, from 14-17 August. This year, the dance performance consists of two acts, both dealing with issues related to young people. The first act, *New World Order*, relates to political and cultural issues faced by young people as they reach adulthood, such as questions of national identity, gender and community safety, particularly in light of the current state of international affairs. *Hardware 3*, the second act, relates to the roles played and performed

by boys and men in modern day society. This half of the show emphasises the culture of masculinity and male physiology.

*Quantum Leap* is a collaboration between the Canberra Theatre Centre and The Australian Choreographic Centre, and performed by the Quantum Leap Youth Choreographic Ensemble. The artists range in age from 8 to 25, and come from both the ACT and further afield, including Young, Bega and Sydney. With more than 60 young performers in *Quantum Leap*, its scale, original choreography and

musical score are a testament to youth talent in the region.

Two performers, Caroline Spry and Janelle Marbug, hail from the ANU. Janelle Marbug was excited about the production, describing it as "more than just a fancy dance performance, it has some important messages for young people".

Artistic director Ruth Osborne agrees. "I hope the idea of young people making statements and asking important questions about their future and the future of their planet will inspire Canberrans."



## attention student hacks: woroni's rules\* for candidates in the 2002 students' association elections

*Woroni* advises that candidate statements and happy snaps for the upcoming Students' Association elections must be submitted by 5pm Wednesday the 21 August. Material received after this deadline will not be printed.

All statements must be submitted in the body of the email AND as an attachment. Photographs should be submitted in TIFF or JPEG format ONLY, AND on paper. The Students' Association has a publications room with a scanner for this purpose.

It is the candidates' responsibility to ensure that their statements have been received by contacting the editors.

The word limits for each statement are as follows:

President: 200 words.

Treasurer, Education Officer, General Secretary, Social Officer, Women's Officer, Queer Officer, Environment Officer and Editor of *Woroni*: 125 words.

National Union of Students Delegate, General Representative, Faculty Representative: 75 words.

Statement which exceed this length will be cut at the editors' discretion. There will be no exceptions, regardless of how many votes you're worth. Statements and photographs in uncontested elections may not be printed. Photographs of candidates who run for multiple positions will only be printed once.

These rules will be enforced without exception. Candidates should contact the editors prior to deadline: Alexi Metherell 0403 774 071, Miranda Tetlow 0413 491 665.

\* The use of the term 'rules' does not imply any commitment to procedural fairness, nor does it establish any duty on behalf of the editors of *Woroni*, their agents or purple elephants to obey, enforce or in any other way recognise their own guidelines.

# free opportunity to let howard tax your stash

Free Tax help is available for ANU students.

ANU students can get free on-campus Tax Help from Monday 5 August to Thursday 31 October at Building 17, the Student Faculties Building.

Tax Office trained volunteers will be available from 10am to 4pm weekdays to help students on low incomes with straightforward returns and other claims such as the baby bonus.

Deputy Tax Commissioner Jennie Granger said the Tax Help program has been set up to help people on low incomes, especially students and people doing their tax return for the first time.

"Many students on low incomes will be due a refund on their tax return - so the quicker they lodge their returns, the quicker they'll receive their money," Ms Granger said.

"In many cases, students will be able to lodge on-the-spot returns using the Tax Office's free online TaxPack - e-tax, and get their refund in around 14 days."

Students from non-English speaking or indigenous backgrounds and students with a disability can also get help at the same on-campus location.

Tax Help is available from now until the end of October at range of locations around the country. If you can't make it to an on-campus site call 13 28



61 to find out the location of a Tax Help Centre near you.  
Australian National University Tax

### Checklist of things to take with you to Tax Help:

- TaxPack 2002 - available from newsagents
- Your Tax File Number
- All Payment Summaries you received from employers
- All Centrelink statements
- Your bank statements for the period 1/7/01 to 30/6/02
- Private health insurance details if you are in a health fund
- Receipt for gifts, donations and work-related expenses

Help Location (10am to 4pm weekdays)

Student Faculties Building,

Building 17

Australian National University

## in brief

...  
After the British musical group, the Planets, placed a 60-second piece of complete silence on its latest album, representatives of the estate of composer John Cage, who once wrote "4'33" (273 seconds of silence), threatened to sue the group for ripping off Cage. The Planets replied last month that Cage's representatives failed to specify which 60 of the 273 seconds had been pilfered. Said Mike Batt of the Planets: "Mine is a much better silent piece. I am able to say in one minute what took Cage four minutes and 33 seconds."

### likes long walks and hammers

Hey ladies, get in quick! Former Broward County (Florida) librarian William Coday's online personal ad touts his multilingualism, world travels, compassion, and love of Keats and baroque music. However, the ad does not mention that he was convicted of murdering his 1978 and 1997 girlfriends, both with hammers, and that he is in jail awaiting a jury's decision whether he gets death for the latter crime. Maybe he just hasn't found the right one...

### like danger?

The Jammu and Kashmir State Cable Car Corporation continues to run its gondolas at the mountain resort of Gulmarg, and business hasn't slowed despite the gondolas occasionally picking up ground fire. They pass within 3 miles of the "Line of Control" that separates Indian and Pakistani forces in Kashmir. Business is down considerably for skiing, hiking and golf, but still, frolickers show up to ride the gondolas. Never let impending nuclear warfare get you down!

### what WOULD jesus do?

Parents are still asking, "why do school shootings happen when teachers try so hard?" In the last month, Boston Middle-school teacher Timothy Thomure, 46, admitted rubbing a knife blade along a student's finger (and other acts of intimidation) to "loosen students up and get them to interact". Parents of an 8-year-old Houston boy recently asked school officials for counselling help to deal with a lingering 1999 incident in which a teacher disciplined him by dumping a cup of cockroaches on his chest. A Texas high school teacher was fired for allegedly throwing a chair at a student during a "behaviour management" class. A Sunday school teacher was convicted of a misdemeanour for counselling a teen-age boy that a good way to curb his masturbation habit was to write "What would Jesus do?" on his penis.

# koreans told: "no soup for you"

## arthur roundhouse

The distribution of food in the world is a puzzle more than anything else. A team of Australian, British and American scientists have discovered a naturally occurring human hormone that quells the urge to eat more.

The hormone, PYY3-36 (even its name will suppress your appetite) is produced naturally in the



gastrointestinal tract after every meal. One of the hormone's tasks is to circulate in your bloodstream and tell your brain that you are no longer hungry. Volunteers who took part in the testing of PYY3-36 as an appetite suppressant were injected with either the hormone or salty water and were two hours later offered a selection of foods prepared for maximum savouriness by a hospital dietetics department. Those who had been treated with the hormone consumed on average one third fewer calories than those not treated with PYY3-36, and reported a 40 per cent drop in perceived levels of hunger over the following 12 hours. The other functions

of the hormone will need to be investigated before any PYY3-36 based appetite suppressing pill is made commercially available. In stark contrast to the obesity fears that generated this research in Australia, the UK and the US, North Korea is struggling to put food on the table. Aid agencies are running out of food to feed the

six million people who have relied on the support of the World Food Program. A reform package has been put into place this August which has raised the official price of rice 30 to 50 times. North Korea's President Kim Jong-Il has matched this price rise with an increase in wages to encourage people to produce more. Of the food North Korea receives through aid, the government and the army seize one year's worth of supplies, and whatever is left is distributed to city-dwellers in a ration-system. It is these city-dwellers who have been given wage increases, and those who have not received this benefit have been given loans. The crisis has

been thought to affect children and the elderly the most. A UN official in Pyongyang has reported seeing a class of students being taken by their



teacher to collect weeds to eat and returning with school bags "stuffed with the wild food they had been collecting." At the end of April the World Food Program was forced to make the "hard decision" of suspending aid to 1.5 million of North Korea's 6.4 million people. This decision was spurred by lack of resources and by donor fatigue after seven years of emergency funding. The United Nations has told North Korea that it is time that it started investing in development. However, energy shortages and broken machinery are more to blame than any lack of motivation, as even with higher wages, people are prevented from producing more. If this reform package fails than North Korea faces a bleak and hungry future that no amount of PYY3-36 will fix.

## abortion reform: agitate, legislate.

amy haddad

Currently, abortion is not available on demand in the ACT. You will probably hear a lot more about the abortion 'debate' in the next few weeks, as attempts are made in the ACT legislative assembly both to deliver safe and accessible abortion to Canberra women and restrict their access to pregnancy termination. Sounds confusing huh? For those who haven't contemplated this deeply, here is why the current ACT legislation related to abortion sucks.

1) We aren't sure whether or not you might go to jail for ten years for having an abortion. Abortion is a criminal act in the ACT. Criminalising abortion not only increases maternal mortality rates, but also contravenes women's human rights. Making abortion illegal has never been shown to reduce the rate of abortion. Criminalising abortion does nothing to address the issue of unplanned pregnancy and the ability of women to balance motherhood with the rest of their lives. Essentially, this makes it a crime to not choose motherhood.

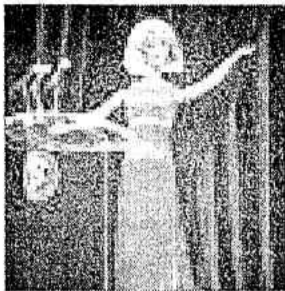
2) Any woman who has ever had unsafe sex, missed a period or seen the episode of Degraffi Junior High when one of the Erica/Heather twins has an abortion, has thought, if only fleetingly, about what they would do if they did face an unplanned pregnancy. To suggest that a woman who is dealing with an unplanned pregnancy hasn't thought much about it is insulting in the extreme. The proposed 72-hour 'cooling-off' period not only undermines that woman's choice, but sends the message that when facing an unplanned pregnancy, there is a right choice and it isn't abortion. Unless there is a 72-hour cooling off period for sex, and the decision to have a baby, a cooling off period for abortion is merely a thinly disguised moral judgment. It also impedes a woman's access to abortion, especially for women who live regionally, have limited funds, work they can't take time off from, kids that need to be looked after or any other reason they don't want to visit the clinic twice.

3) I don't care how religious or morally opposed to abortion you are, when you become a doctor, you have a responsibility to the community and to your patients, so that even if you cannot recommend or be involved in a particular course of treatment, you refer them to some one who can. The World Health Organisation estimates that around 78,000 women die each year because of unsafe abortion. The right to determine the number and spacing of her children is a woman's fundamental human right, as is the right to her own physical autonomy and privacy. If a doctor cannot even talk to a woman about her options, she or he should at least point her in the right direction. Any doctor who fails to do this is standing in the way of a woman's human rights. Doctors should be obliged to refer women

seeking abortion, or information on abortion, to the relevant service providers.

### So what's happening Now?

Wayne Berry, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly and prominent ALP pro-choice campaigner, tabled towards the end of last year two bills, one to repeal the sections of the *Crimes Act* that refer to abortion, and the other to repeal the 72-hour 'cooling off' period between seeking and undergoing an abortion.



The intention is to have no abortion specific legislation, and let the procedure be governed by standard laws relating to other medical procedures.

Concerns were raised that there would be no protection against 'back yard abortion' (other than various assault laws, and laws prohibiting unregistered medical practitioners from practicing) so Katy Gallagher, recently elected Labor MLA has tabled the *Medical Practitioners (Maternal Health) Amendment Bill*. This bill states, within the *Medical Practitioners Act*, that only a registered medical practitioner can perform an abortion, and only in an approved facility. This covers those concerns, without creating abortion specific legislation. Gallagher's bill will only come into effect if Berry's Bills are passed, and are tabled in support of Berry's bills.

Since then, the ACT Right to Life Association has spent a considerable sum on newspaper and radio ads slamming the bills, and suggesting that women need more information and protection from themselves. The ads suggest that the Berry/Gallagher bills actually take away a woman's right to choose. Although the ads state that they are sponsored by the ACTRLA, they do not state that the primary aim of the organisation isn't to protect women, but to protect the unborn, and work against abortion in all ways. To the Right to Life Association, abortion is never an option, yet they engage in the debate as if it is.

Enter Vicki Dunne, a new ultra-conservative Liberal MLA, who has tabled her own very special bill containing a number of amendments. These amendments do three things. They reduce the criminal penalty for abortion (for the woman) to one month — to send the message that abortion is bad, but that you shouldn't have to go to jail — for long anyway. They create a new offence of coercion — if you coerce a woman into having an abortion, you can go to jail for ten years — but there is no definition of 'coerce'. And finally, the bills state that a woman must get 'independent counselling' before undergoing an abortion.

When the debate occurs in the assembly, lend your support to the pro-choice lobby. Until then, lobby those MLAs who do not support your right to choose.

## how not to enjoy a sunny sunday

eman tihsllub

Last weekend, I was overcome with curiosity. I just had to know why, *why* did perfectly sane people want to remove their god-given body hair, prepared even to suffer extreme pain, prickly ugly porcupine like stubble and horror of horror those itchy red oozing sores of infected ingrown hairs. What is wrong with all these people? Why do they do this to themselves? I figured there was just one way to find out, and that was to try it myself. I know this kind of thinking has led many down the path to torturous evil, but hey, I'm already there.



A friend of mine waxes practically every part of his body — no, he doesn't swim competitively, no he's not gay, yes he's taken...anyhow, through that vicarious experience I'd learnt the finer points of ripping unsuspecting hair from tender places, or so I thought. So I felt waxing was the way to do it — no repulsive stubble, no razor burn, no razor nicks. Sounded good to me.

First stop was the chemist. My friend happily showed me the right product to use for the beginner (pre-waxed strips), and I thought I'd get some wax in the littler strips for 'sensitive areas'. I figured, why do things by halves? I'll wax it all, legs, underarms, bikini line... no wait, why stop there? I'll do a Brazilian too, why the hell not.



Twenty dollars poorer and armed with my trusty tube of aloe vera I went home to do the job.

I do my legs and, 'hell, why not there's a few strips left' my arms too, then emboldened by my success, I got the little strips out and started upon my nether region. Tentatively I do the bikini line bits first. Not sooo bad I think to myself, I mean, all those little blood spots will go away right? Still I figure, stay on the safe side, give it a few hours and see what I think then. So after I rub the oil in and get all that wax off, I shower myself clean and have some dinner. Two hours later (like it advised upon the packet) I brace myself for the remaining business at hand. The spots are still there a bit, but (unlike the packet instructions) I ignore them.

Oh the pain, the horrible fucking pain, getting my nose pierced was pleasant in comparison. The experience lends new meaning to the phrase 'pants on fire'. But I am exceptionally stubborn (or is that stupid) and I kept on until I'd worked right the way across the top of my (formerly) smallish triangle of little brown curls. By the time I get to strip five I can barely lift it off let alone lift and rip, my hands are shaking and I'm whimpering like a politician at question time, amusingly though my punani looks like a crotch shot from badly drawn hentai, though maybe that was just the tears blurring my vision. Of course, I realise too late, unlike my bikini line (which had stopped looking owmy and red), the middle bit has coarser, more numerous hairs and those

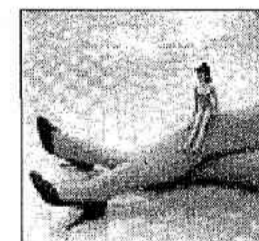
few blood spots are now an entire zone of angry red swollen throbbing bumpy pain. If only I'd not been so prideful, if only I could get my fingers upon the scrawny neck of the makers of pre-waxed strips. I lather on the aloe vera, but it's so hot and painful the gel practically steams off. I lather on even more, still no damn relief. Finally I give up, shower the rest of the gel/wax/oil concoction off and go to bed hoping for a benevolent morning.

I sleep OK, though I have to change the doona cover for a softer one so I don't experience every movement with sandpaper-like clarity in my neither regions.

Next morning as my friend kindly made me breakfast, the lull in pain below convinces me I should definitely take him up on his offer to do my underarms. If I am ever captured by enemy soldiers all secrets will be safe with me: I appear to utterly lack that basic human instinct, self preservation. Having placated his concerns about the pain and horror of the operation, I lay back and proffer my armpits to the hairless gods of fashion. With only six 'scrrrrriiiiiip owwwwwwwwww!!!!'s I found myself bereft of some more little brown curls. Somehow the speed of this made it seem less torturous, but I soon realised how so so wrong I was.

When I emerged from the shower and attempted to dress reality finally zoned in. I didn't go to uni that day, any excuse of course, but still, I can hardly lower my arms let alone put them into anything with armholes tighter than a very unappealing and rather revealing eighties tied-dyed number that just screamed late eighties neighbours. I tie it up to demonstrate this similarity and at least amuse myself by mimicking Kath and Kim lines to my bemused reflection, soooooo effluent.

So, children, learn from my mistakes. It's all good now, I can walk without feeling like I have a case of bloodied gravel rash from inner thigh to inner thigh, and



though I can't work out why anyone would think bumpy white underarms are attractive, at least I no longer have to walk like a Christ-on-the-Cross impression.

So don't, whatever you do, ever wax your own punani, and leave your underarms aloooone! Or at least to an experienced and deft professional waxer.

As my far better informed and much gayer friends told me after I clarified why I was walking like a crippled cowboy with avian aspirations 'nobody does sensitive areas DIY darling.' After all there's no point having a Brazilian if you can't fuck.

some third wavers can be very silly

sarah spiller



“She changes all of the meanings, because she’s afraid of definition”: or so, at least, cried riot grrrl heroines the

Third Sex in 1995. Riot grrl was at its height in terms of popular visibility and the Internet was a-brimming with hopeful news for girlie nerds into revolution. Feminism was garnering itself new credibility amongst a growing coterie of suburban girls, some of whom have now hit universities as contemporary bluestockings. The question then is this: how are we to define and engage with feminism as young university women? Is there a ‘third wave’, and of what flavour of feminism is it?

Kath Davis released her edited collection, *DIY Feminism* in 1996 in the wake of a rash of self-published zines and journal articles that gave a new profile to ‘third wave’ feminism. “Third wave” is a catch-all term used by young feminists to describe a multitude of gender-centric politics. In this sense the term is characterised by a profound lack of definition. Of itself, this is not a bad thing. Some suggest that by attempting to define the ‘third wave’ we do an injustice to the fluid nature of feminism as young women do/don’t live it. Nonetheless, third wave *does* carry a generally understood meaning in its most popular incarnation – that is, as an individualist, culture-focused style of feminism that urges young women to embrace principles of independence, self-determination and liberation in their everyday lives.

Well, yes. How wonderful. Young women who adhere to the broad feminist goal of sexual equality but who are uneasy about “joining” “the feminist movement” should be comforted. Comforted that they can indeed wear lipstick and be feminist; shave, wax, and tweak and be feminist; do whatever makes them content and ‘still’ be feminist. Third wave writing of a particular kind, however, contends that feminists are everywhere - but that thousands of strong, independent women just aren’t hip to the jib of ‘traditional’ feminist organising. ‘Old’ feminism is, well — *old*. Outdated

‘Traditional’ feminism, in the most compromised of so-called third wave visions, is presented as an endless procession of hairy, miserable women organised into cliquy collectives dedicated to the expulsion of bra-wearing members. This narrow vision is blind to the historical diversity of feminism as a social movement and as a political program. The third wave, while admirable for its optimistic attempt to reinvigorate feminism for young women “who aren’t feminist but...”, sounds utterly absurd when it positions participatory feminism as obsolete.

Even while paying lip service to the “successes of our foremothers”, some

third wavers — including Australia’s own embarrassed third-wave pin-up, Natasha Stott Despoja — seem desperate to forget feminism’s political heritage. Young women “do feminism differently”, “on our own”. We don’t, in other words, need Mum or any of her washed-out spinster friends with their Margaret Roadknight records around to help us out. Yet by claiming that the battles of yesteryear have been won and that “feminism is like fluoride, everywhere”, these so-called third wavers neatly disappear the very real need for women to be vigilant about our fragile political victories. What’s worse, by denying mass activism as ‘stifling’, some third wavers are complicit in the deconstruction of ‘woman’ as a class of people with shared political demands. Universal child-care, the right to self-determination (including but not limited to reproductive choice); equality (however defined) in the workplace and the home; equal participation with men in all spheres of political and public life; safety from gender violence and the threat of gender violence: these are demands shared by women across the divides of class, race, sexual orientation and geography. Women do not enjoy *any* of these rights fully in Australia *or anywhere in the world*. That most young women are reluctant to define themselves as feminist is a symptom of a broad social malaise — sexism. It is *not* proof of a failure on the part of the ‘second wave’.

While young women should feel free to re-imagine feminism and to set our own political and cultural agendas, the obsession of some third wavers with ‘individual’ protest and the ‘reclamation’ of popular culture are profoundly misguided.

Internet petitions to save endangered animals and feed the starving millions? Is this what feminist activism is reduced to? Is the third wave content to peddle feminism as a virtual penny to the hungry? And consumer protest? Yes, by boycotting Nestle products women can express their disgust at the company’s treatment of third world women workers... but is this the extent to which the third wave can envisage a role for Western women in international feminism? Does the third wave *intend* to redefine feminism as conscientious consumerism?

“Barbie was an acrobat, an intellectual”. Give me a break. So girls have the good sense to ignore the packaging and give Barbie a better life than that of society woman/whore. Yes, little girls are very clever, we knew that — but Barbie is still a dreadfully boring uber-woman. Why take her to your third-wave heart? Are courageous women really so thin on the ground that third-wavers should make it a priority to endorse the ephemera of *Tombr Raider* and the physical impossibility of Lara Croft? And ‘Girl Power’? Oh please. Are third wavers so desperate to see feminism in young women’s lives they will make like buying “Spice World” is an act of liberation?

What a very silly definition of feminism that would be.

campus security not a priority

nicola jackson

As a prospective first-year looking for the right place in which to pursue tertiary study in 2002, I was struck by the emphasis that the ANU appeared to place on the high level of safety and security of the university campus and an implied commitment to the maintenance of such a ‘hassle-free environment.’ However, as much as I have enjoyed the academic side of my study at ANU thus far and the great people



that I have met, the numerous claims of a serious commitment on behalf of ANU security to the personal safety of women on campus have proved over my first semester at ANU to constitute little more than shallow rhetoric.

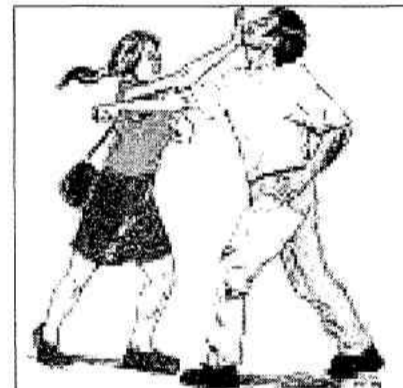
The most disappointing aspect of this drastic alteration in my perception as to the University’s commitment to safety has been the witnessing of the dismissive way in which the complaints of women on security issues are being handled by the Security Department of the University. Indeed, the sensitivity in respecting and treating with the utmost concern the complaints from women brave enough to speak out about such issues is one of the things that seems to be most highly stressed in the goals and endeavours of the UniSafe program. However, a recent first-hand conversation with a member of the Security Department at the university has highlighted to me just how wide the gulf is between their supposed vision and the grim reality that currently faces women on campus.

After raising personal concerns about the level of safety at ANU, which have been heightened by the knowledge of the experiences of women who have spoken out about sexual harassment and discrimination on campus this year, to my astonishment I was told by a Security escort words to the effect that many of these claims were exaggerated and that I should not believe everything I heard. I found this utterly extraordinary

given the courage displayed by those who have experienced sexual harassment and the personal pain and suffering many of these women endure in having to revisit and relate such painful and distressing incidents in their lives.

Given the above attitude, I found it even more disturbing to be later informed by the same individual that a major impediment to tightening and responding to security concerns was the fact that so many incidents went unreported. It seemed absolutely amazing to me that the Security Department can expect anyone to report safety concerns on campus when such a prevailing attitude appears to be that women somehow gain some sort of satisfaction from embellishing their experiences in this area. Until these claims by women are treated with the respect, concern and sensitivity professed by the department and that they undoubtedly deserve, it seems highly unrealistic to expect any improvements in the area at the cost of profound distress to countless more women in the future.

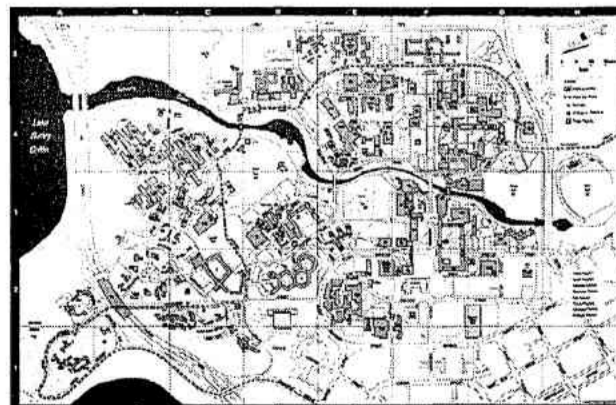
The other facet of grave concern is the impracticality of elements of the current university system and the suggested preventative measures that, while backed by good intentions, seem to be highly flawed. One such example is the potential cost of an administrative error on the item women are most likely to be carrying around while trying to gain access to computer and library facilities during the dark — the student ID card. Since it is highly unlikely that



people can be expected to memorise the ANU Security telephone number off by heart it seems like a useful idea to put it on the back of the ID card so that people can ring for

assistance or an escort to their cars or to the college residences. And a number is even printed there. Except it is the wrong one. It is the one place where the ANU Security Department telephone number has failed to be updated, so a caller is unable to get through and is not even forwarded to or supplied with the current number. Given the length of time since the first four digits of ANU telephone numbers have changed from 6249 to 6125 and

the fact that many students are from interstate, overseas or even are from Canberra but have had little prior contact with the university, such a fundamental administrative error could prove extremely costly, particularly in emergency situations where it is difficult to think clearly.



Administrative error could prove extremely costly, particularly in emergency situations where it is difficult to think clearly.

## not happy, michael

My experience with the ANU Law School today made me think of an article I read recently regarding the problems being experienced by Mayne Nickless, the largest private health care provider in Australia. The article stated that Mayne's recent slump in profits could be largely attributed to the backlash of doctors working in its hospitals. As a cost cutting measure Mayne had decided that its doctors would no longer receive a cooked breakfast, coffee and newspapers (a saving of around \$2 per doctor). Pretty clever they thought. They were wrong. Morale fell and Doctors stopped going out of their way to bring patients to the hospital costing the Mayne Group millions.

Now consider the following scenario.

I graduated from ANU's law school in 2001. During my time at ANU I paid for HECS, text books, service fees, and even academic transcripts (a practice which is not standard in Australian Universities). I have been informed today that if I wish to receive a letter from the Dean stating that I have completed an ANU Law degree (as required for admission in NSW) I will first need to pay \$25.

This letter should be provided free of charge. It should cost no more or less than one would expect to pay for a reference or a certificate of service (which is basically what it is). While such arcane policies are in place I have no intention of supporting the university as a member of the alumni network.

Yours sincerely

Belinda Robilliard

## baby on board

Woroni,

I have been watching the debate about cars and parking with great interest. Carly Hopgood tells us that we have no right to expect parking or even to drive, and Rachel Kendrick says that people are going to drive anyway so the uni may as well cater for them. Is it really too unrealistic for uni students to consider other options rather than driving to uni? I live in Sutton and drop my children to school in Campbell. When I arrive at uni at 9.00am it is impossible to find a park, but what I do find are many many cars with residential college parking stickers parked in permit zones. What's going on? How lazy are some people that they can't stumble out of bed five minutes earlier to make the arduous walk that extra hundred metres to the law school? It is hard enough for mothers of school aged children to go to university. They have fewer options than most students as it is. I am not willing to leave my children unattended in a school playground for 45 minutes so I can get to my lectures on time, so my only op-

tion is lateness. I have to pick my children up at three in the afternoon, so I have to make my lectures fit in, if I can't, then my only option is that I miss those lectures. It doesn't help that lecturers love making jokes about latecomers. Is there any way that university can be made easier for parents? I expect outrage at this suggestion, but what about a carpark for parents? Until students consider alternatives to driving, the ANU will be overparked. Let's make a distinction between those who need to drive and park, and those who can choose.

Lyn Thomsett

## is nothing sacred?

Woroni,

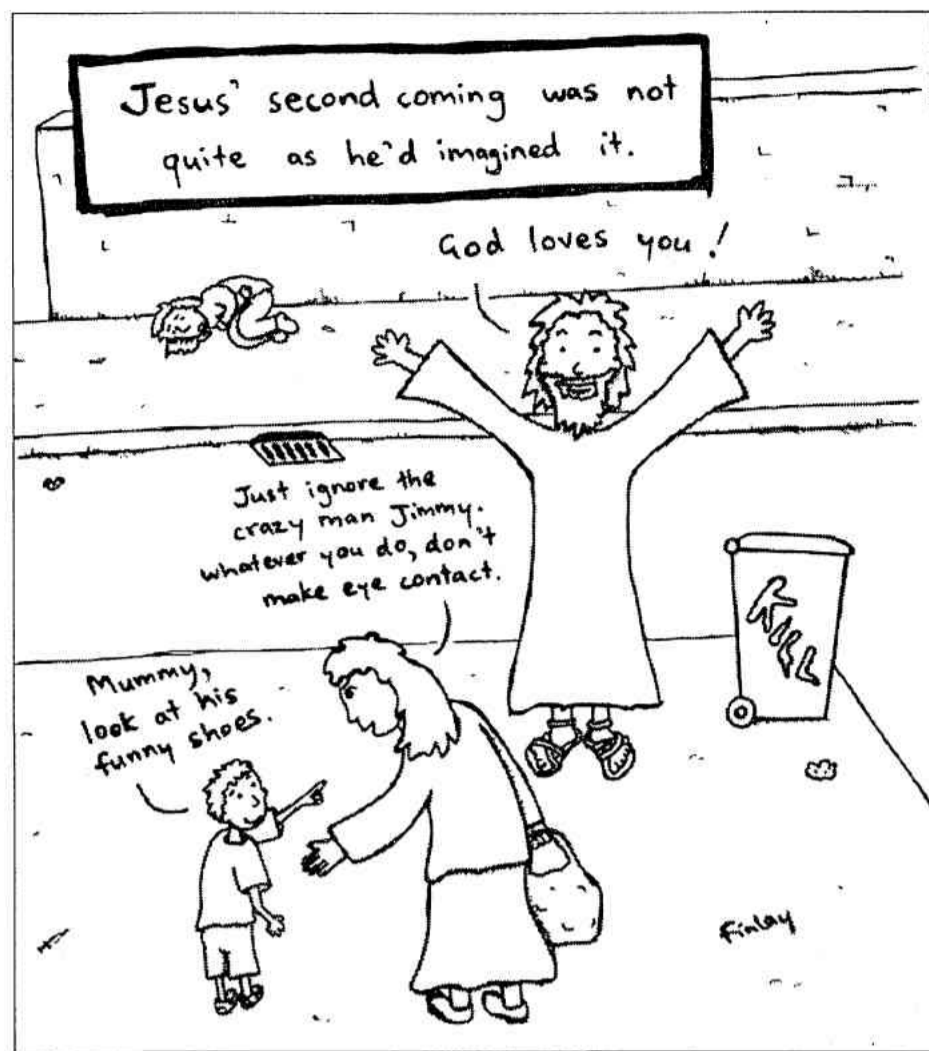
I'm just writing to express my disgust at whoever it is that is sticking up pictures of baby feet with "Your Feet at 2 months" written on them. Who the hell are you to go around making people feel guilty about having abortions, and what right do you have to pull on emotion rather than logic to help people make decisions and choices? Fine, you have your right to an opinion, but the personal emotional repercussions that these posters will cause should have been considered more important than your selfish abuse of free speech. Into what sort of turmoil would posters such as these place women who have had abortions? Seeing them around their UNIVERSITY, the one place where everyone should feel comfortable and accepted. I know your argument against this will be to say that they shouldn't have had an abortion in the first place if they can be so easily made to feel like they've done something wrong. Well, you are the evil one. What sort of person enjoys making others suffer? The pro-choice movement has relied on logic for its arguments, you have relied on dirty emotions intended to make people feel guilty and bad. It doesn't say much for what you're fighting for if you have to rely on such shoddy tactics. So, whoever you are stay away from my university and let people make their own decisions.

Robert DeViera

## stripped to the bone

Woroni

Kitty Streeton wrote a very entertaining story about her night at Sensations. My only problem was that it seemed to encourage the exploitation of women by men. Even when all of the motives of all the strippers are revealed it still comes down to men paying to watch women get naked. The article even points out that to an Australian audience these women are only bodies, not someone a customer would expect to have a conversation with. Kitty wrote about strippers who were university students just doing it for the money. This is pretty sad, even if they



cartoon: marcus finlay

do get a "release" of nervous tension by gyrating on a stage. Another example was the single mother trying to make extra money. All that this article shows is that in order simply to make a living, women still need to do things that men would not be expected to do, and that are done for the sole purpose of entertaining men. While I commend this article for saying that there is nothing wrong with women who strip, it did not go far enough into examining why a culture such as ours would let this happen.

Yours Sincerely

Melita Carmeline

## power to the stripper

Woroni

Thanks for the article about stripping. What it shows is that women are at last exploiting men. The men in the article (with the exception of Grant, the security guard) were all portrayed as "little boys" worshipping at the altar of Woman. The article was not at all hung up on the moral questions of stripping which I thought was great, it shows that there aren't any moral questions imposed by society to stop women from making their own choices anymore. Stripping is a bit of harmless fun, it allows women to make money, and men to fantasise a bit while giving away all of their money! And a big round of applause for Kitty for jumping in a doing it! At least there is one person at this university who tests stuff before writing thousands of words about it.

Good Work

Louise Chamberlie

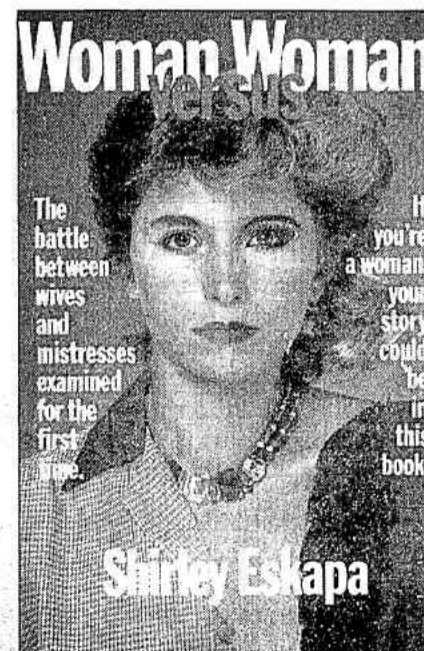
## disco inferno

Dear Woroni

I am lost! Where can I go now that Mooseheads has closed down? I've tried In Blue, ICBM and Jackson's, but my up-turned collar and boat shoes just don't look right. King O'Malley's is fun for a few drinks, but the sight of Irish paraphernalia instead of military memorabilia almost made me cry. I saw this guy wearing a T-shirt with a picture of Mooseheads and the words Disco Inferno written under it. It made me want to punch him. Before this I was never inclined to feel such strong emotions. In fact, when Mooseheads was around, I was so drunk that I never felt anything. Woroni, can you give me some suggestions to cool my worried heart? Woroni, give me some advice to make me stop feeling again. PLEASE?!!

Moose Withdrawal Sufferer

thanks to everyone who wrote in! this month's prize goes to the moose withdrawal sufferer to make up for his loss. become a member of the letters page club and you could win *Woman versus Woman*, our special women's issue prize. email you contributions to [woroni\\_articles@student.anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au), and keep on truckin'





## CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Nominations are hereby called for election to the following offices and positions within The Australian National University Students' Association:

**President of the Association**   **Vice President of the Association**   **General Secretary of the Association**   **Social Officer of the Association**  
**Treasurer of the Association**   **Sexuality Officer**   **Environment Officer**   **Women's Officer**   **Education Officer**   **14 General Representative positions to the SRC**   **2 Faculty Representative positions to the FRC from each Faculty of the University**   **1 Editor of Woroni (who may be an individual or a group of individuals)**

The successful candidates will serve for one year from 1 December 2002.

All ordinary members of the Association are eligible to nominate, second or be nominated for the positions of President, Vice President, General Secretary, Social Officer, Treasurer, Education Officer, Editor of *Woroni*, General Representative to the SRC and Environment Officer. The candidate for a position of Faculty Representative must be enrolled in the relevant Faculty. Candidates for the position of Sexuality Officer must be openly gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, or queer identifying. Only women shall vote or nominate for the position of Women's Officer.

The period for lodgement of nominations will commence at 10.00 am on Monday 5 August 2002 and end at 4.00 pm on Monday 19 August 2002. The period for ticket registration will commence at 10.00 am on Monday 5 August 2002 and end at 4.00 pm on Thursday 15 August 2002.

The Returning Officer will maintain a Register of Ticket Names. Ticket registrations, signed by 5 or more ordinary members of the Association, will be accepted by the Returning Officer during the registration period. Only those ticket names that have been duly registered will appear on ballot papers. Forms to register ticket names are available from the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, from the office of the Association or on the Internet at <http://www.anu.edu.au/cabs/elections/anusa/index.html>.

All nominations, except for the position of Sexuality Officer, should be placed in the locked ballot box provided in the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, between 10.00 am and 4.00 pm on any week day during the period in which nominations are open. This office is located on the first floor of the Chancelry, Room 1.13. Nominations for the position of Sexuality Officer must be made in writing to the current Sexuality Departmental Collective. Candidates for this position must be openly gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, or queer identifying. Once ratified by the Sexuality Departmental Collective, these nominations must be forwarded to the Returning Officer.

All nomination forms must include the signature of the nominator, a seconder, and the nominee. Nomination forms are available from the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, and the office of the Association or on the Internet at <http://www.anu.edu.au/cabs/elections/anusa/index.html>. Candidates in the election may indicate to the Returning Officer the ticket with which they are running, or that they are running as an independent. Where a candidate indicates on the nomination form that she/he is running as a candidate endorsed by a registered ticket, the Returning Officer shall verify this endorsement if at least one of the nominators is a signatory to the application to register the ticket name, or the Returning Officer receives notice of the endorsement from a signatory to the application to register the ticket name.

The order of candidates on the voting paper will be determined on 23 August 2002 commencing at 11.00 am, in the ground floor conference room of the Chancelry.

Polling will be conducted between Monday 9 September 2002 and Thursday 12 September 2002, at the following locations:

**University Union** 9 September 2002 4.00 pm - 7.00 pm   **10 September 2002** 11.45 am - 3.00 pm   **11 September 2002** 10.45 am - 4.15 pm   **12 September 2002** 11.00 am - 4.15 pm  
**Chifley Library** 10 September 2002 3.30 pm - 7.30 pm   **ITA Courtyard (east of Chats)** 9 September 2002 11.00 am - 1.00 pm  
**School of Music** 9 September 2002 1.30 pm - 3.30 pm

The results of the election will be published on the Internet at the URL: <http://www.anu.edu.au/cabs/elections/anusa/results2002.html>

## Election of Delegates to the meetings of National Conference of the National Union of Students Inc - 2002

### CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

Nominations are hereby called for the election of Delegates to the meetings of National Conference of the National Union of Students Inc.

The number of Delegates to be elected is 4.

The successful candidates will serve for a term from the commencement of the Annual State Conference immediately following their election until the commencement of the next Annual State Conference following their election.

Delegates to the meetings of National Conference of the National Union of Students Inc must be elected by and from, and must remain during their term, students represented by a Member Organisation or be full time Office-Bearers of a Member Organisation. No student may be elected as a Delegate to the National Conference by the students represented by a member Organisation, where that student has already been elected as a Delegate to the same National Conference by the students of another Member Organisation.

The period for lodgement of nominations will commence at 10.00 am on Monday 5 August 2002 and cease at 4.00 pm on Monday 19 August 2002.

The Returning Officer will maintain a Register of Ticket Names. Ticket registrations, signed by 5 or more ordinary members of the Association, will be accepted by the Returning Officer during the registration period. Only those ticket names that have been duly registered will appear on ballot papers. Forms to register ticket names are available from the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, the office of the Association or on the Internet at <http://www.anu.edu.au/cabs/elections/anusa/index.html>. The period for ticket registrations will commence at 10.00 am on Monday 5 August 2002 and cease at 4.00 pm on Thursday 15 August 2002.

All nominations should be placed in the locked ballot box provided in the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, between 10.00 am and 4.00 pm on any week day during the period in which nominations are open. This office is located on the first floor of the Chancelry, Room 1.13.

All nomination forms must include the signature of the nominator, a seconder, and the nominee. Nomination forms are available from the office of the Head, Council and Boards Secretariat, and the office of the Association or on the Internet at <http://www.anu.edu.au/cabs/elections/anusa/index.html>. Candidates in the election may indicate to the Returning Officer the ticket with which they are running, or that they are running as an independent, which will then appear on the voting paper beside their names. Where a candidate indicates on the nomination form that she/he is running as a candidate endorsed by a registered ticket, the Returning Officer shall verify this endorsement if at least one of the nominators is a signatory to the application to register the ticket name, or the Returning Officer receives notice of the endorsement from a signatory to the application to register the ticket name.

The order of candidates on the voting paper will be determined on 23 August 2002 commencing at 11.00 am, in the ground floor conference room, the Chancelry.

Polling will be conducted between Monday 9 September 2002 and Thursday 12 September 2002, at the following locations:

**University Union** 9 September 2002 4.00 pm - 7.00 pm   **10 September 2002** 11.45 am - 3.00 pm   **11 September 2002** 10.45 am - 4.15 pm   **12 September 2002** 11.00 am - 4.15 pm  
**Chifley Library** 10 September 2002 3.30 pm - 7.30 pm   **ITA Courtyard (east of Chats)** 9 September 2002 11.00 am - 1.00 pm  
**School of Music** 9 September 2002 1.30 pm to 3.30 pm

The results of the election will be published on the Internet at the URL: <http://www.anu.edu/cabs/elections/anusa/nusresults2002.html>

The procedures for the conduct of this election have been determined in accordance with the *Constitution* and *Electoral Regulations* of the National Union of Students Inc, and where silent, the *Constitution* and *Electoral Regulations* of The Australian National University Students' Association.

# agitating for education

## lucy sargeson takes stock of women's struggle for education.

As in previous years, women and women's departments around Australia celebrate women in education week — celebrating the achievements of our sisters who fought for the rights of women to be educated. We remember the gains made since then by women who continue to break down the ongoing barriers women face in accessing education. However we cannot just celebrate: we must continue the fight. There are still so many struggles to be won. Many people, especially women, are excluded from education for a variety of reasons. We must also continue to fight for quality education — education that is equitable, accessible, affordable, and valued for critical enquiry as well as vocational prospects.

### the blue stockings

Women in education week was originally named blue stocking week. Intellectual, upper class white men in the eighteenth century who indulged in literary discussions and academic discourse on topics such as freedom, liberty and equality, were characterised by their legwear — they wore blue stockings. Their 'equality' however, did not extend to women. Women who sought an education were slandered as 'blue stockings' because they were perceived to be masquerading as men.

Until recently, feminists used the term to organise under — by holding blue stocking week, which celebrated the achievements of the blue stockings. However, it has been recognised that the feminist movement has often been blind to its own prejudices — it has often excluded women of colour, particularly indigenous women, working class women, and queer women.

Women have clearly made huge gains in higher

education. In 1912, women constituted over 20% of the undergraduate student population (ABS). Women now constitute 53% of all undergraduate students (ABS). During the 1970s and 1980s, we saw the inception of women's studies courses, and a general, but slow, recognition of the significance of women's exclusion from the mainstream curriculum. Most universities now have equal opportunity officers, and women have lobbied for better safety and child-care on campus.

Although a more diverse range of women are now undertaking higher educational studies than in the days of the blue stockings, a closer look at women's participation demonstrates that equity and opportunity are lacking and discrimination is still a reality in many fields and levels of study.

### working class exclusions from education

The massive expansion of the higher education system throughout the 1980s and the 1990s did increase the opportunities for students from low socio-economic backgrounds (low ses), but proportional increases have not resulted. Around 15% of students are from a low ses (represented in society at around 25%) (NUS). Students from high ses backgrounds constitute around 38% of students, whilst they constitute only 25% in broader society (NUS). The introduction of HECS, up-front fees and increasing course costs, coupled with decreasing levels and availability of income support are clear barriers to the participation of those from lower ses. Currently, income support payments are between 30-50% below the poverty line.

In a world where men still earn more than women, and where women spend more time outside the paid workforce, around 93% of men will pay back their HECS by the age of 65, but only 77% of women will. Furthermore, it is estimated that by age 34, 62% of men will have paid off their HECS debt, compared to only 20% of women (NUS). The increasing costs of education will disproportionately affect women's participation.



### regional women

Women constitute around 55.1% of regional students, and 21.4% of all women students are from regional universities.

### international women and women from non-english speaking backgrounds

International women students, and women from NESB face language and cultural barriers to education, coupled with racism from both students and staff. Non-Anglo women, for a variety of financial, cultural and structural constraints are not able to access a full range of educational opportunities. Only 8.1% of all students are women from NESB. 20.1% of all students studying in Australia are international students, of which 47.6% were women (9% of total students commencing in 2001). Of the total 346,148 women students studying in Australia in 2001, only 14.4% were women from NESB.

### indigenous women's access to education

Whilst refusing to say sorry and to acknowledge the stolen generations, the Howard government has slashed Abstudy. Cuts were announced in the 1997-1998 budget, introduced in 1999, and came into effect in 2000. These cuts were implemented against the advice of the indigenous community, Abstudy advisers, the national tertiary education union (NTEU), and the national union of students (NUS). The cuts have resulted in a dramatic reduction in indigenous participation in tertiary education. The participation of indigenous Australians fell from 8,001 in 1999 to 7,350 in 2000, a decrease of over 8%. In 2001, it was at a ten year low of 1.2% of all commencing students. Commencing students fell by 630, from 4140 to 3510, a drop of 15.2%. The number of indigenous students in higher education is lower now than in 1997. This is directly a result of



FREEDOMSONG PROMOTIONS PRESENT

## SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK

"I have never been so deeply moved and so elated by a performance... One of the great musical experiences of the age." Sydney Morning Herald

CELEBRATING 30 YEARS

Saturday 17th August

Canberra Theatre Centre

Canberra Ticketing ☎02 6257 1077 [www.sweethoney.com](http://www.sweethoney.com)

NEW CD "ALIVE IN AUSTRALIA" OUT NOW!



they did not study because they were caring for family members, as opposed to 15.3% of women (NUS). Most single parents on campus are women, with low incomes. Cost, location and quality are crucial in deciding upon childcare. Many campuses, such as the ANU, do not even have childcare facilities. This can often leave parents with no option but to take their children to class. This is neither an ideal situation for the child, the parent, nor for other students. Until childcare is free and accessible, the cost and availability of childcare will remain a barrier to education for student parents.

#### post-graduate levels of students

Although women constitute over 50% of all undergraduate students, the low levels of women's representation in post-graduate studies is discouraging.

Women

# GRRRL

post-graduates are concentrated in the 'traditional' women's disciplines, which tend towards lower paid professions. Male students constitute 84.5% of students completing doctorates, as opposed to the 15.5% who are women. Only 36.4% of all PhD students actually completing their study are women. The fees that universities have implemented have detrimentally impacted upon women's ability to continue studies, and employment and family responsibilities. Women still do more than 70% of all unpaid work in the home (ABS). In universities, women account for less than 15% of professors and associate professors, at the current rate of increase, it will take more than 20 years before women hold the same number of academic jobs. These are similar to the figures that you get when you examine the ANU's statistics — women are more likely to be administrative staff, and males make up more than 50% of fixed term academics.

#### gats

Did you know that the federal government's contribution to our universities has fallen by 23.1% in real terms since 1996, while student fees have gone up by 35-125%? GATS is the

## The fight for free education is inextricably linked to the feminist fight for equality.

General Agreement on Trade in Services, an international agreement on trade established by member states of the World Trade Organisation (WTO) in 1994. Its aim is to open up the services sector to international commercial competition. The services that are up for grabs include health care, education, social security, water, transport, environmental, and cultural services. Currently, GATS only covers the services each nation has nominated. For example, Australia has only nominated private tertiary education, not the entire education sector. If GATS comes into effect, it will result in the privatisation of education, unless the government pushes for an exemption for public

education. This seems unlikely under the current government. If this were so, the Australian government would be bound to treat any private university from anywhere in the world, in the same way as an Australian public university. Previously, government funding was only available to public universities, but the government has changed this practice to allow both Bond University and Notre Dame University access to public funds. The new GATS will result in public money being opened up to any other private university or corporation who wants to do business in Australia. Our universities are starved of funds as it is; we cannot allow the further dilution of public funding.

These universities will not be provided greater choices or opportunities. They will be private enterprises created to generate profit. Their fees will be exorbitant, open only to the rich to attend. In order to compete, the government could deregulate Australian universities and allow them to set their own fees. The prestige universities will charge high fees, the less prestigious will charge lower fees, leading to a two tiered, American-style system where the rich get a good education, and the rest of us are left with the scraps.

Anything that makes education more expensive will detrimentally affect women disproportionately. This is because, on average, women earn two-thirds of a male wage. Women are more likely to work in poorly paid sectors; to be single parents with dependents; and to experience longer periods of unemployment than men. If education becomes more expensive, women will miss out. Women are also concentrated in academic fields such as arts, humanities, education and the social sciences. These are areas of study least likely to attract corporate investment because they are not perceived as 'profitable'. In a university climate of economic rationalism, these disciplines will be the first to go, and women's educational opportunities will be further limited.

#### crossroads - the review into higher education

The Minister 'Not' for Education, Dr Brendan Nelson's so called review into higher education has two components: to issue papers, and provide a reference group which provides advice, but which has no student nor staff representatives. The three discussion papers currently released subtly advocate deregulation of tuition fees; an undergraduate loans scheme; and alternate funding models for higher education; further corporatisation and privatisation of institutions; institutionalisation specialisation; and vertical differentiation; diversification of teaching and learning methods and performance based individual contracts for staff. These proposals will ensure that students pay, non-profitable courses are sacrificed, and that the elites benefit, to the detriment of those who cannot afford to pay. The reviews implementation will result in an unjust system; one which will disproportionately disadvantage those currently disadvantaged — those from NESB, indigenous students, and women. Fees will disproportionately affect women — with education becoming a 'debt for life'. The fight for free education is inextricably linked to the feminist fight for equality. Education is our future, it is our children's future. Fight for a feminist future — one that encompasses equal, accessible, free and critical education.

What we all ideally share is the desire to learn. Education for women's liberation, not world domination.

the decrease in Abstudy, something that was predicted and preventable, yet that the Howard government failed to prevent. As with youth allowance and Austudy for non-indigenous students, targeted income support is crucial to ensuring access to higher education for indigenous students. This is as important as initial access, as it is key in ensuring continuing participation.

#### the costs of childcare as a barrier to women's participation

Under the Howard government, there has been a series of cuts to commonwealth childcare funding. the childcare sector has been characterised by instability, funding cuts, the withdrawal of low income families, centre closures (over 400), long waiting periods and administratively complexity. at the same time, there has been a dramatic rise in the poverty risk faced by children. By the end of 1997, there were an additional 100 000 children living in poverty, bringing the figure to 860 000. Under the coalition, preschool participation 1996-1998 declined from 24.1% to 22.4%. This is appalling when considering that the OECD average is 39.6%. This is coupled with the fact that in Australia, a quarter of the average OECD level of GDP is spent on pre-primary education (0.1% compared to 0.4%). Children and parents living in circumstances of socioeconomic and or geographic disadvantage are missing out on the developmental and social opportunities of high quality child-care. Whilst childcare is not solely a 'woman's issue', the burden of children primarily falls with women in over 70% of families, and childcare is crucial in whether or not a parent can afford to study. In 1997, 1.4% of men reported that

## 2002 Election of Union Board of Directors

And the nominees are...

Director (two year term)  
Annual, Life and  
Honorary Life Member



Daniel Casey

**In Touch**

My name is Daniel Casey and I am a 4<sup>th</sup> year Arts/Law student. I have already had two years experience on the Union Board, and I was the Deputy Chairman for the first of those years.

During my term as Deputy Chair, I helped slash \$\$\$ of directors' perks, including \$4,000 off the Chair and Deputy Chair's salary - and that money has gone straight back into student services; donated \$10,000 to help establish a new scholarship for indigenous students; totally refurbished Caterina's; and established a working party with ANU Environmental Groups to make the Union more environmentally friendly.

This past year, under the Chairmanship of Llewellyn Reynders, the ANU Union has done exactly nothing. Reynders has been too busy working for others to bother working for you, our, Union. It has been a talk-fest of committees, without any real action - oh yes, there was a survey. But no action. None. And don't forget that pay scandal detailed in the last edition of *Woroni* that Reynders is involved in!

We need people who are committed to improving the Union for the benefit of all students, not someone who wants \$12,000, an office and a thicker CV.



Joseph Crichton

**Everybody**

As Fenner's current JCR President, I have earned a reputation as vibrant, accountable and enormously committed. These are qualities I think the Union Board are in dire need of. I want the Union to be a pleasant and welcoming place for everyone to eat, drink and play in. I want it to be buzzing and colourful all year round. I want greater interaction with the Halls and Colleges. I want big-name entertainment and cheap alcohol. *I want more fun!* I've got the vision, drive and know-how to make these dreams come true. All I need is your vote.



Ricky Diou

**Reality Bites**

I am a later-year IT student with a vision to see the ANU Union Board become a more effective body that can give the ANU community quality service.

Competitive prices and quality products from the ANU Union are some of the key areas that I would like to improve on.

I am just a simple student with ideas and the willingness to make a positive change to life in the ANU community.

Cheers

Ricky



Julian Hay (Jools)

**Ungrouped**

I am openly pushing an environmental agenda. Last year, the union took some important steps towards trying to run a more sustainable enterprise. They began auditing energy consumption, installing recycling bins, and consulting with student committees. I would like to ensure that the good work continues and to push the agenda further. This is the heart of the university life so let us get it healthy and thriving with creative vitality.



Dan(iel) Mackinlay

**Ungrouped**

I'm running for the Union because I want to know why it seems to be stuck in 1963. Why aren't we composting foods scraps? Why does the Union building look like an army mess hall? Why isn't there the option for organic food? Remember, this is the last band venue in Canberra with any life left in it - so why does it have to be so... well daggy? Why is it the most visited place on campus when none of us know how it's run?

P.S. I'm not in any parties or factions.



Mika Mernone

**Everybody**

I'm Mika, originally from Melbourne, but this is my third year in balmy Canberra and at the ANU. I'm doing a BA (Development Studies) and live at John XXIII College. I'm an active college resident who's also involved in the wider university arena. I've been a mentor with the SIGN program, on the CCIS committee and a Student Rep for academic subjects. However, I think I can do more to make a real difference to every student's experience of this campus. I'm particularly concerned with the practicality of the Student Union role, rather than the politics. I am not affiliated with any political party and like Kate, maintain that I am not a student politician.



Nicholas Oettinger

**Reality Bites**

My name is Nicholas Oettinger and I am a 3<sup>rd</sup> year Law Arts student with an incurable disease know as student politics. This causes me to actually give a damn about the swill that we have to eat in the refectory and believe that if elected I can actually make a difference in the lives of students who pass through this uni.

I ran for union board last year and due to the support of all of you guys out there nearly made quota for a spot. This year I want to do better and I need your help to do it. The union board needs someone that will get things done and work out ways to get better food and services without charging all the students an arm and a leg. The board also needs to take responsibility for the drainpipe that is called Sullivans Creek and make it enjoyable to sit outside of the bar and have a drink without the putrid smell of stagnant water permeating everything. I am heading up the ticket REALITY BITES because that is what I think needs to happen to the governing boards of this uni. Too many students are facing problems greater than just bad coffee in Sullies and it does not seem to me that this last board has done anything but line their own pockets and then sit on their hands. For the last three years I have acted on this belief and done what I could to improve the everyday life of students. I have delivered free bread across to B&G almost every week for 2 years and counselled numerous students going through a tough time with studies or life in general. Reality is biting out there and it is time that we get people on the board who have a track record of actually giving a damn about students. So vote for the ticket that puts student services first. REALITY BITES.



**Kate Price**  
Everybody

My name is Kate Price. I'm a 2nd year Asian Studies/Law Student, living at Burton and Garran Hall and I'm originally from Melbourne. I am a current member of the Board and would like to be re-elected in order to continue my work in making the Union more environmentally friendly. Despite my environmental focus, I think that the main issues that will confront the next Board are

Food: Better quality, cheaper prices and more alternatives, and

Entertainment: bigger and better band nights (and other fun nights) at the bar. I'll work to make the Union more fun for everybody.



**Gillian Riley**  
In Touch

Hi! My name is Gillian Riley. I'm a 3rd year Asian Studies/Science Student and I'm running for the Union Board. I'm a local student who attended Bundah College. I am the Science Faculty Representative on both the Board of the Faculties and the Faculty Representative Council. I am also the President of the Labor Students' Club. As a result I have extensive experience in student representation at the university level.

I am running for the Union Board because I want to see decent pay and working conditions for Union workers, many of whom are students. I would also like to investigate the possibility of Union outlets having an EFTPOS facility (If Maccas can do it why can't we?). If elected I would actively campaign to see better food in the Union, more vego options, and make 'Organix' organic (BRING BACK THE FROGURT!).

I am running on the 'IN TOUCH' ticket because I want to be part of a team with a proven track record in improving the facilities provided by the Union.



**Dave Ryan**  
U

I'm Dave Ryan, and I'm a 1st year Arts/Law student running on Ticket U. So far I've been impressed with just about everything the uni has to offer.

Despite what hard core militant Marxist wannabes say about the quality of education, ANU is up there with the best in the country. The landscape is stunning, the library well resourced, and the culture is very hip. What really sucks though is the Union Building. The food, the service, the bar, the Refectory in general is sub standard. Why should U have to go to the UC bar to have a good night out? Why should U have to walk to Civic to buy good food? Why should U have to study in filth? Vote for what U want. Vote U.



**Sandy Tanner**  
U

I'm Sandy Tanner, a 2nd year Arts/Law student. I'm running on Ticket U.

Ticket U wants to hold the union accountable for the money they spend and ensure that the money is spent on students. U wants a wider variety of food outlets and decent coffee. We want to provide banking services such as ATMs in the Union Building for students' convenience. We want all students to make use of what the Union has to offer. Vote for what U want. Vote U.



**Axel Tracy**  
In Touch

Hi, I'm Axel Tracey. This is my first year as a commerce student. Manly, in Sydney, is where I was brought up, and I moved to Canberra this February to attend university and try out new surroundings. Becoming an active member of student society was one of my goals this year. The organizations AIESEC and the Labor Party have partly satisfied these ambitions. This drive has also led me to the ANU Union. While our motives are all different in regards to attending university, the union is a common space which umbrellas almost all students. Playing a role in its smooth operation and further improvements is appealing, and I hope to prove to all interested that my involvement would be a positive step for the progression of the union. Being an approachable candidate and board member is something I believe I can offer. It is important that all involved have access to union board members. My team has strong views in issues ranging from environmental standards to union work conditions. An upgrade of the Union Café is also high on my team's agenda. I would take pride in my work and be honoured if you elected me as a member.



**Kate Vaughan**  
U

I'm Kate Vaughan, I'm a 4th year Arts/Economics student and I'm running on Ticket U. U isn't a special interest group looking to set the refugees free:

U doesn't care about that. U cares about U and what U care about. We're here to get an education, just like U. We want the services and facilities that U want. We'll provide food which U will eat. We don't want to only have the choice of either "Cucumber, Cottage Cheese and Sun Dried Tomato Sandwiches" and "Teriyaki Felafel Kebabs". We want good food and a clean environment to eat it in. We want U to have a choice about where U spend your money and what U spend it on. Vote for what U want. Vote U.

## Director (one year term) Postgraduate/University Staff Member



**Enrico Olivier**  
Reality Bites

My name is Enrico A. Olivier, I am 26 years old and from near Cape Town, South Africa. I'm currently a PhD student in the Research School of Astronomy and Astrophysics at the ANU. I completed a Masters degree in astronomy at the South African Astronomical Observatory in the early part of 2000.

A few of my interests outside astronomy, includes science education, history and christian apologetics. In my free time I enjoy cycling, meeting new people, and a good ol' barbecue. I'm also a passionate supporter of all South African sports teams, though rugby union rulez!



**Shobha Sankarankutty**  
Everybody

I am studying at the Research School of Astronomy and Astrophysics as an international student. I am also currently in the position of President of the Senior Student Association at Fenner Hall and as such I am responsible, along with the other members of the committee, for the organization of events for post-graduate and mature-aged students in the hall. Being in this position I try to provide more entertainment and interaction between the students. Having said that, working for the Union would allow me to try and make Uni a place you go to for fun and relaxation. And with your help I would like to make the Union a happening place!!!

A ballot will be held for all positions.

**Polling will take place in the Union Building between 10:00 am and 6:00 pm from Monday 19 August 2002 to Thursday 22 August 2002 inclusive.**

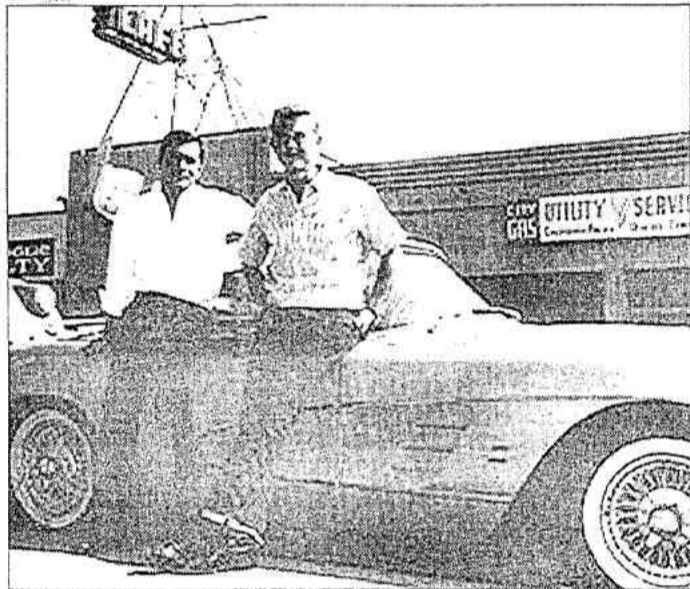
Every person who is an annual, life or honorary life member of the Union is eligible to vote at the elections, except a person suspended from membership. All enquiries should be directed to (02) 6125 2446.

Karen Holt  
Returning Officer  
9 August 2002

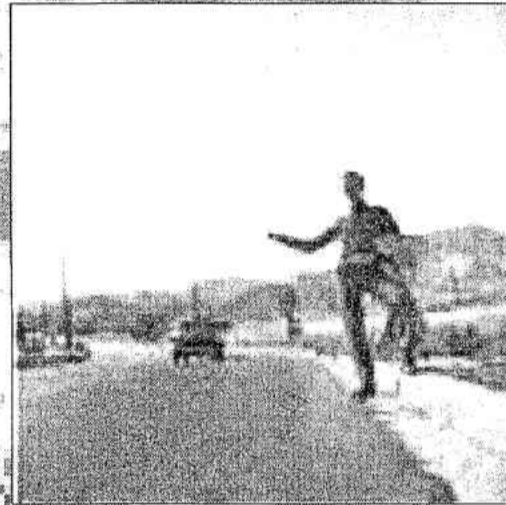
# 1100 miles is too far inside a car...



from 'novelty items' in servo bath-rooms to mix tapes with ever-pleasing sing along 'toons: "matilda" fordinggrass-mavis gives woroni the ultimate undergrad road trip guide.



tion—Byron Bay may inspire nostalgic thoughts of a combie van with daisies painted on it, but for a sex romp in Australia's outback service stations, the mack truck, or semi-trailer is clearly the way to go. Add some fluffy dice and a poster with a naked chick on it which says "Get something between your legs—Buy a bike", and you won't be able to keep away from all the people desperate to buy you an 'Aussie steak and gravy' damper roll in the Truckers Lounge.



ing student still living at home with your parents. In fact, your road tripping vehicle is unlikely to be fitted with even the most basic of entertainment commodities: the CD player. And while the days when you sat in the car listening to Joyride by Roxette on your walkman seem but a happy childhood memory, the road trip is the time to (re)embrace your 15 year old collection of cassettes. For many of us, this means delving back into an era when, at best, we enjoyed the heady strains of Big Audio Dynamite, Bananarama, Right Said Fred's classic one hit wonder "I'm too sexy", and, with any sort of fuck, "Bust a move" by Young MC. At worst, it means recalling a time when we thought Girlfriend, Danni Minogue and DJ Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince were the early '90s best response to the Rolling Stones. There is also a theory

Darlings. If there's nothing that disturbs me more, its 40 somethings swanking it about in their Lexus or Charade, playing the *Seachange* soundtrack and pretending they're "On the Road" Kerouac style. They set off to Mollymook for two weeks of golf and long walks on the beach, maybe pina colodas if the Mollymook social club extends to "them fancy drinks", but probably no holding hands in the rain (20 year marriage and 3 kids equals no more hanky panky kids). In the words of the great philosopher and poet Paul McCartney when he was still with the Beatles, these people are but day trippers. This leads you, my undergraduate peers, to hold a great responsibility. The road trip torch has been passed to you, and you must pursue it, in all its bong smoking out the window of a car that can't go faster than 90k on the Hume Highway glory.

#### Make friends with your car and remote service stations

Now's the time to decide whether this is a trip for business or pleasure. Is style or comfort more important to you? You may wish to coordinate the vehicle to your choice of destina-

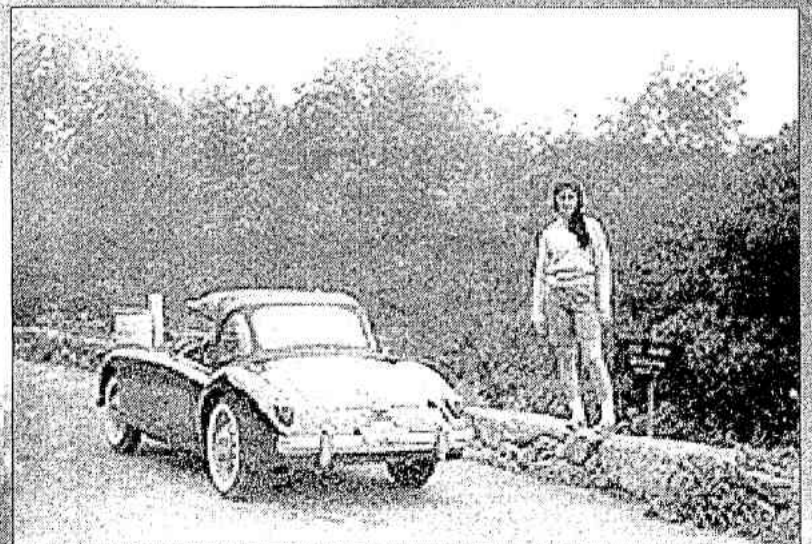


In some of the more discerning servos, you may even be able to purchase some novelty entertainment items, besides the best of Ricki Martin, Republica and Celine Dion on cassette tape. A good friend and I stopped at a petrol station on a road trip to Victoria one year at 3am. In the bathroom we found a machine with the delightful advertising slogan, "If she's a moaner, this will make her a screamer. If she's a screamer, you'll get arrested." The 'screamer' cost a dollar, so being the enterprising people we were, we invested and procured...a rubber band with studs on it. Delicious. And definitely a conversation starter at parties in the big smoke, like Wodonga.

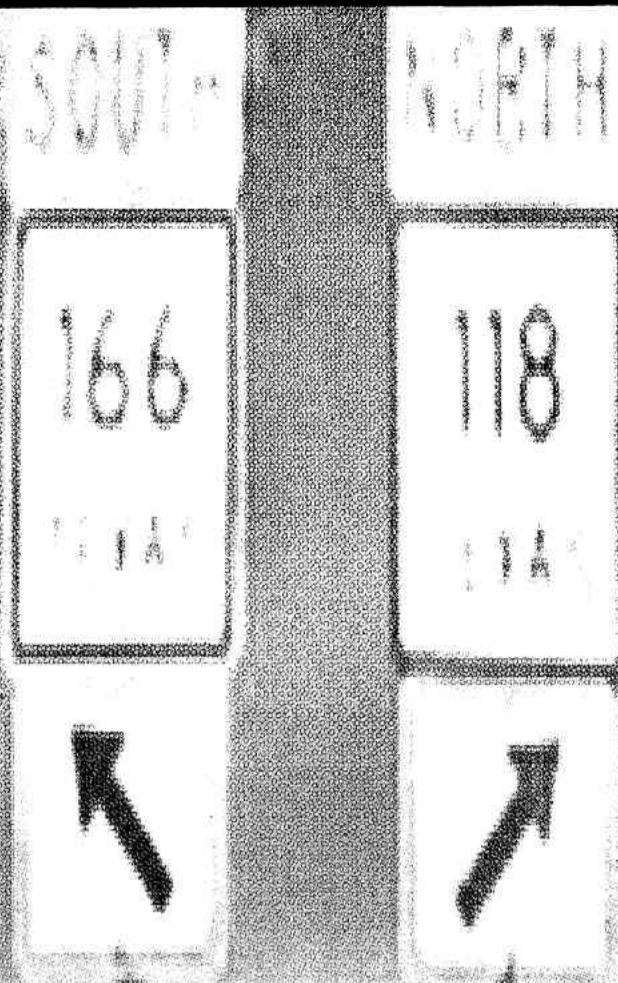
#### The 'mix' tape

Unfortunately, your 1987 Laser or '79 'lost your virginity in it' Kingswood is unlikely to be decked out with a fully sick subwoofer and speakers, fully sick mite, unless you are an Engineer

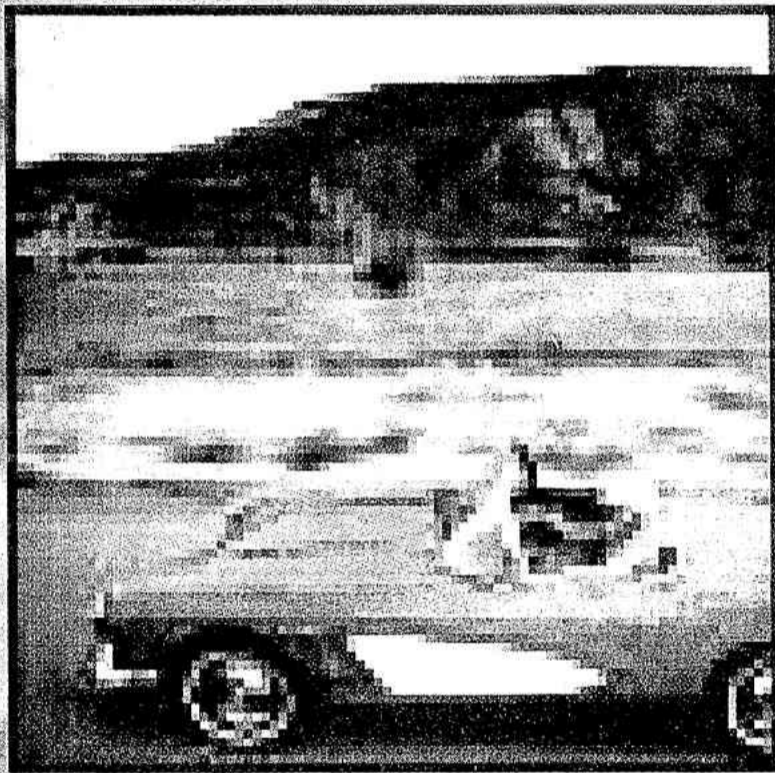
"I'm spending all my time,  
driving round, faking  
clever..."  
--'Unsent letter', Machine  
Gun Fellatio



"I got me a Chrysler, it's as big as a whale,  
and its about to set sail!  
I got me a car,  
it fits about 20  
So come along,  
and bring your juke box  
money"  
--'Love shack', The B52s



"800 miles is a long drive inside a car,  
900 miles is a long long long long wait in a car  
And 1000 miles is a long drive inside a car,  
1100 miles is too far inside a car".  
--'A Life of Arctic Sounds', Modest Mouse



Once you and your other road tripping compadres have discussed all the Canberra gossip, and the mysterious web of intrigue officially known as "who's shagging who, and at what party they got together", you may suddenly reach a silence. Now, if you're one of those people who says, with an almost beatific expression on your face, "Oh, I'm quite comfortable being in silence with the people I'm close to", you can just fuck off. For the rest of us, plugging the gaps in conversation is a must.

Yelling *inoffensive* things out the window can be good fun in small towns. "It's bins night tonight", and "I like early '90s music too", are a couple of my own particular favourites, especially in a thriving metropolis like Goulburn.

Also develop a series of bizarre and pointless questions to ask each other. Pondering controversial topics like "Who will play you in the movie of your life?" is guaranteed to take up at least a good hour or so and "What's your favourite kitchen utensil?" is an oldie but a goodie. Make obscure top fives - "Top five mildly esoteric fruits", "Top 5 movies with midgets in them" or list your "Top 5 religious fundamentalists in the Canberra and Queanbeyan region, excluding the Mormons in Civic".

**Hitchhikers: To pick up or not to pick up**

A close and dear acquaintance of mine once said, "One should never pick up a hitchhiker unless they are good looking." Clearly, if we went by this maxim, no one would ever get a ride anywhere in this day and age! Still, the looks test can be a tried and true approach, until the road tripping car factionalises according to who gets to shag the new arrival: I once picked up a delightful young man called Trevor, and he had many interesting things to say about drag racing in Moree and the hairdressing salon he used to legitimise all his bikie gang income. It's always nice to come across such enterprising and inspiring individuals. And obviously, hitchhikers carrying sharp objects or guns that are not even politely concealed are a definite no-no. You all saw what happened to Ben Stiller in *Something about Mary*.

Ah, road trips. So little time, so many booner towns to enjoy on the road to nowhere. Route 66 has nothing on the Princes Highway. So find yourself a car (maybe a Chrysler that's as big as a whale if you're a B52s freak), some friends and an exotic location like Cootamundra, or Port Hedland for the politically minded amongst you. Chances are, the road trip will be much more enjoyable than the final location anyway, unless one of you drives like Steve Buscemi on acid.

circulating that any mixed tape left in a car long enough automatically turns into a copy of Queen's Greatest Hits. Too true. Given this likely latter scenario, my best advice to you is make new tapes. Failing this, you may be able to depend on a more hip friend with better music than your fine self, but I would still advise a quick scan of their playlists for anything that sounds even remotely like Montel Jordan's "This is how we do it". If worst comes to the worst, and they have a penchant for Slim Dusty and Nsync, it may be time to disband the road trip all together while there is still time.

**Filling the voids in conversation....**



clubbing: once, an idealistic recreation in the pursuit of freedom of expression, and liberation from the shackles of reality. now it's barely more than an empire of marketing, hungry hedonism and worth billions of dollars. the dj is a commodity, and, for a woman, it's difficult to be recognised as a talented dj, without gender being an issue.

## spinsters



**lexi metherell** takes a glance at the industry's attitude towards female djs, and their attitude towards the industry.

In the preface to 1999's history of the disc jockey, *Last Night a DJ Saved My Life*, the authors note that they have referred to the DJ as 'he' throughout the book, "One, for grammatical reasons, and two, because 98 percent of DJs have a penis." You can hardly blame them. Unfortunately, their random statistic is close enough to the truth, and, after all, being politically correct is so naff. Especially in the DJ world.

A glance at a typical nightclub's dance floor betrays no symptoms of inequality (besides the number of pathetic hands unwisely groping and pinching). Usually, there are an equal number of boys and girls getting into the groove. It's when you check out who's playing that you notice something's a bit skew. Rarely is there one female's name on the line up, and, if there is, chances are they're playing at a crap time slot, or they've been shafted to a smaller room.

Females are also scarce in the annual DMC Competition, an international event in which turntablists compete against each other, executing complex routines on turntables. Certainly, in the Canberra heats, there were no girls battling it out. In a broader sense, the annual *DJ Magazine* poll of the top 100 DJs in the world (more a popularity contest than a thorough gauge of a DJ's skill) had only five female DJs listed in 2001 (32. Lisa Lashes, 41. Anne Savage, 48. Sister Bliss, 55. Lottic, 67. Lisa Pin Up). Although the ratio of male to female DJs and electronic artists has certainly improved over the last decade or so, the difference is

still marked. So, is there a vinyl ceiling?

Apparently so. Anecdotal evidence abounds. Girls who have surprised their male DJ friends with their mixing prowess, only to be cut off entirely from the boy's club. Playing at gigs and being paid half as much as the other, male, DJs. Getting cracked on to by the club's owner or promoter. Yeah, it's all a bit shifty. And for a supposedly 'progressive thinking' style of music, the politics are certainly stuck in the 1950s with quaint attitudes about women and technology.

There are numerous theories as to why females are less prominent in the DJ scene, none entirely conclusive. Some point to gender differences — that females are intrinsically incapable of dealing with complex technology and machines. Like a turntable is that hard to operate. More than anything, society has been conditioned to think this way. One female DJ says that when she teaches her female friends to use the equipment, they generally watch and learn before giving it a go, while the boys jump in head first. Some would argue the most important aspect of DJing, is not technical skill, but the ability to play a set which moves the dance floor — make bad records sound good in the context of other songs, and for a DJ to intuitively know how the dancefloor is feeling, and how they will react to a song. Along with the gender difference argument is the idea that females are ambivalent to the anal act of 'trainspotting' (knowing the names of tracks in a DJ set and where the samples used in songs originated from)



(Above) American turntablist, DJ Shortee.





as well as their indifference towards the vinyl junkie culture. It's all pretty flimsy crap. The most probable reason for why there are fewer females spinning records around the globe is the way the culture has developed historically.

Basically, DJ culture as we know it today, started in New York, in the almost exclusively black/gay/male discotheques. These nightclubs, dens of outrageous hedonism, were integral to the gay liberation movement. Females were certainly a minority in the scene, and thus had few opportunities to rise up the ranks and get on the decks. At the same time, hip hop was starting to develop, a culture which has always been notorious for its sexism and attitudes towards women. The culture of sexism which is blatantly apparent in many of today's hip hop lyrics was rife back then. Now, as men are generally heads of recording labels, owners of clubs, and promoters, there's a subtle culture of denying women opportunity to get recording contracts, unless they sing or are prepared to wear bikinis in promo shoots. Apparently, women don't work machines unless they look good. British DJ, Lottie, who was the first female DJ to make the cover of respected clubber's rag *Jockey Slut* has been quoted as saying, "There's a bit of a split camp in the DJ world because there are the girls that get their tits out and there

are the girls that just want to be recognised for what they do, regardless of gender." DJ Rap, a British drum n bass DJ who used to pose topless *before* she became a DJ has been plagued by questions about her Page Three days ever mentioning her appearance. "When Lisa Lashes plays at Roar, no one on earth could ask for more, it's true we love the girl to bits, because she's got amazing tits!". She does. It's just a shame that she isn't praised for playing amazing 'banging' tunes.

So should we all give up dancing on Friday nights in protest against the DJ patriarchy? No! Because there is fantastic dance music made by women, it's just not as easy to find. Not that we want to listen/dance to music just because it's made by a woman. It's just that because it's tougher for women to break it, their music is often less-heard when it deserves to be heard. If gender stereotypes were true, then you would assume women are all making melodic trance, rather than industrial techno, right? Wrong. There's a whole gamut of electronic music made and played by women, invariably more 'underground' than most of the crap pushed to the masses. Detroit techno producer, K Hand, has received little recognition despite the fact that she's up there with techno legends such as Derrick May, Kevin Saunderson and Juan Atkins. The Australian duo B(if)tek are well known for their kitsch electro, as is the French born Miss Kittin, who makes fantastic electro, and is notorious for her sultry euro-trash lyrics. There's riot grrls Le Tigre and, in the same vein, Chicks on Speed. Andrea Parker has released albums on the respected 'trip hop' label, Mo'Wax, but once again, is little known as a producer. DJ Shortee, an American turntablist, received critical acclaim for her first solo album, *Dreamer*, but has received little popular attention.

It's about time for a revolution in club land. Is there hope? Lottie thinks so, "There will be more female DJs, it's quite a nerdy thing to do if you do it properly and perhaps doesn't go hand in hand with female qualities but every individual is different, house music is for everyone and I think we'll see more and more girls on the one and twos soon, hopefully."

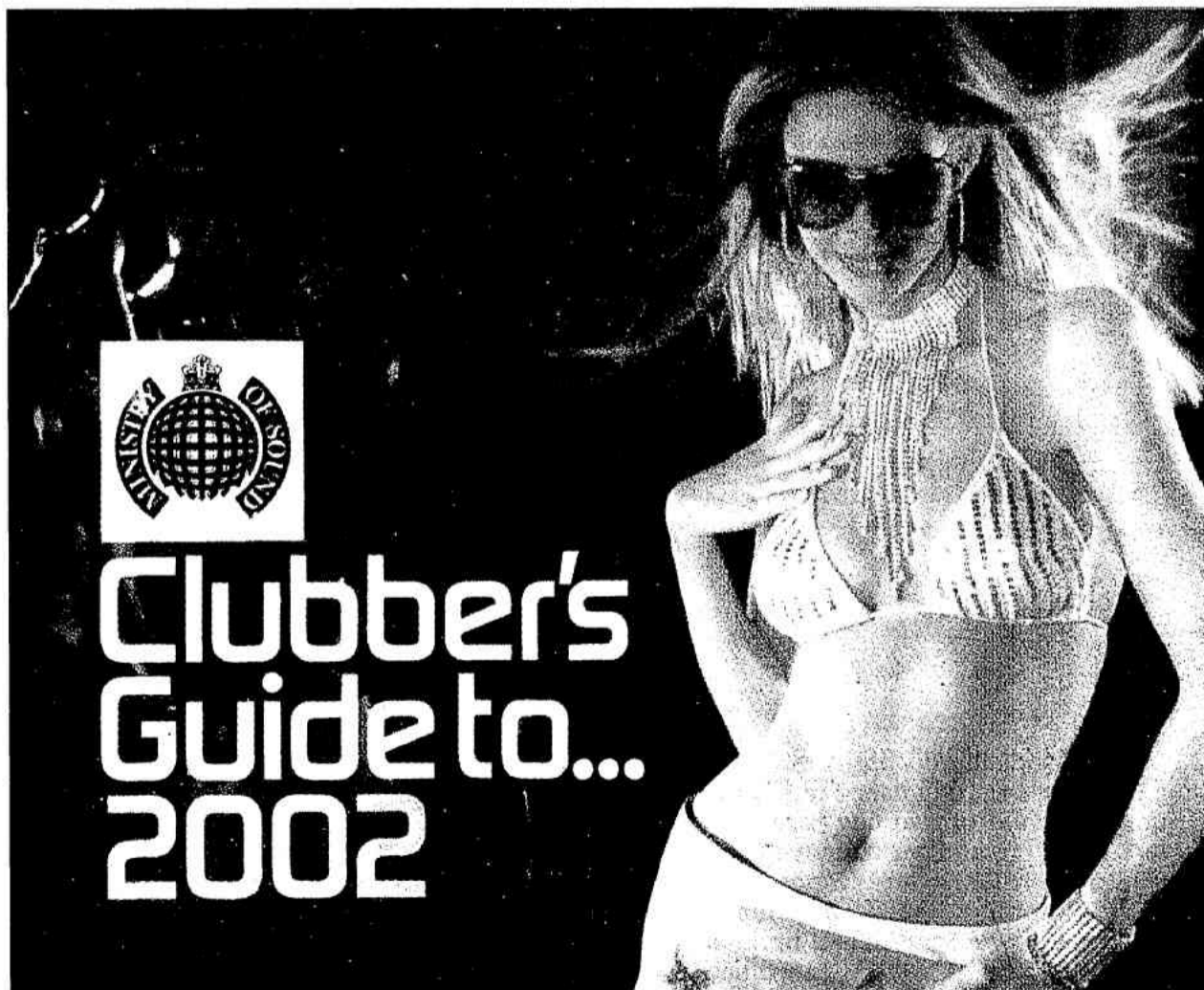


The Internet is packed with information on female DJs and electronic artists, here are some of the better sites to check:

[www.pinknoises.com](http://www.pinknoises.com) — an e-zine about females and electronica.

[www.sistersf.com](http://www.sistersf.com) — a San Francisco based site on female turntablists and DJs.

[www.femmebots.com](http://www.femmebots.com) — Melbourne DJ and producer DJ Toupee's site and database of female electronic artists/DJs.



(Clockwise from top left) The ever-cool Miss Kittin in a field, and...some guy; the singing, dancing DJ, Sonique; Sydney DJ Amber Savage; Ad for Ministry of Sound's new bikini, sorry, compilation.

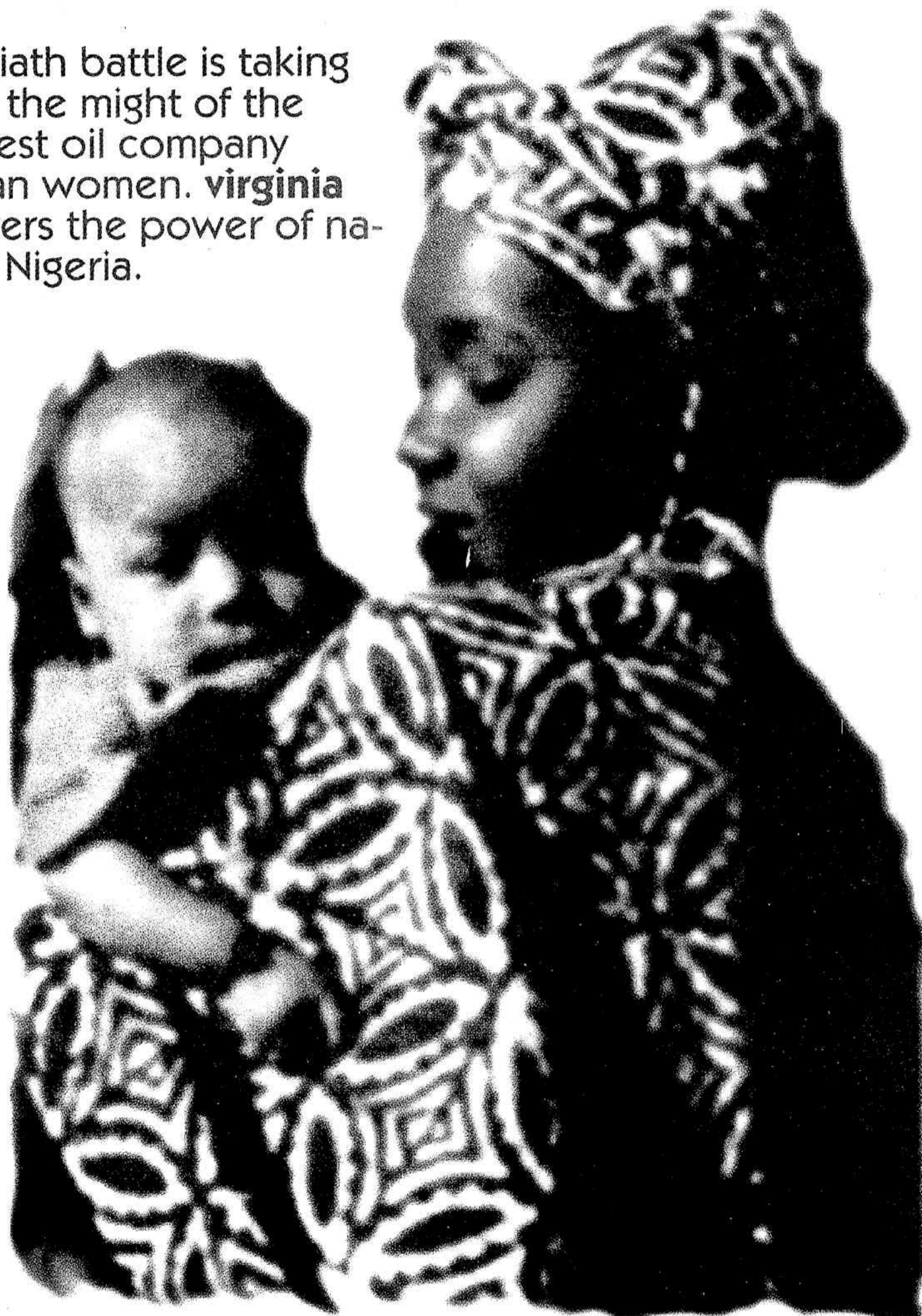
# crude oil versus naked truth

a david and goliath battle is taking place between the might of the world's fifth largest oil company and 150 Nigerian women. **virginia oliphant** uncovers the power of naked-shaming in Nigeria.

Ahhh... the price of oil. Crude oil is a commodity that the world simply cannot live without. We watch our petrol prices flipping up and down depending on the precarious situations of the oil rich countries, hoping that our petrol prices will drop a couple of cents. However, the deeper you drill into the subject of oil the murkier it becomes; and within its oily depths, innocent people, especially women and children, are paying for the real price of oil.

On the 8<sup>th</sup> July, armed with only bare breasts and bottoms, 150 women from the Arutan and Ugborodo communities of Nigeria succeeded in a "take-over" of the Escravos refinery, owned by the world's fifth largest oil company, ChevronTexaco. By blockading boat jetties and helicopter launching pads with their naked bodies the growing number of stripping women halted the production of half a million barrels of oil per day, forcing the multinational to pay heed to their objectives. This was yet another stark but peaceful protest by the local communities in a desperate attempt to secure more local employment for their families and investment within the local community, as well as compensation from the company's environmentally damaging actions.

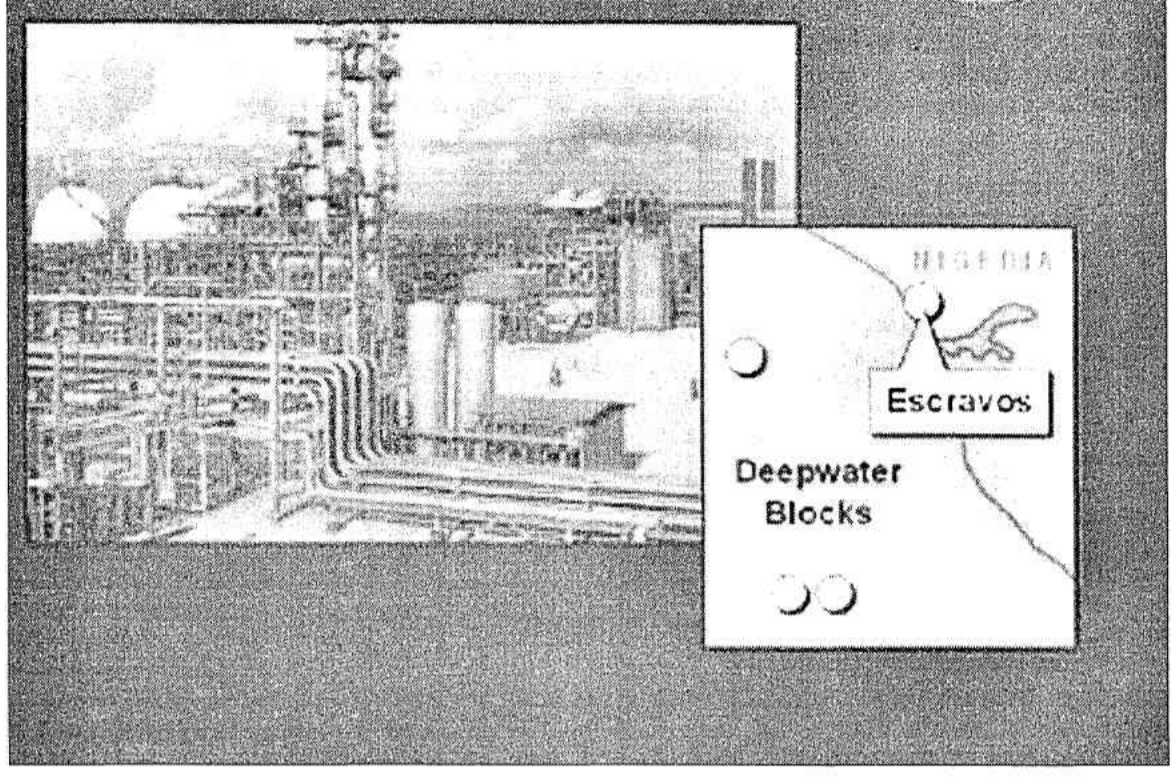
In general, one would expect no complaints from receiving a display of stripping women, more likely an eagerness to embrace the situation, yet the throng of 2 000 naked bodies was threat enough to bring negotiations to the fore-



front of the oil business. In Nigeria, the threat of stripping naked in public is a traditional method of shaming men and is considered a serious and permanent curse to those to whom the naked women expose themselves. The curse of the "naked" is the highest level of shame that can be inflicted upon a person and is thought to be linked to a woman's wiles

of mothering, agricultural productivity as well as fertility. Disrobing is a curse not only used by Nigerian women but by many women in other countries such as Kenya, South Africa and Trinidad. It comes as no surprise that no person, especially no man, would wish to endure the lifetime curse of infertility organised

# Nigeria



pumping through the veins of a body, a network of pipes pump crude oil from the Nigerian Delta into the greedy hands of the oil giants: namely ChevronTexaco, Shell, ExxonMobil, TotalFinaElf, and AgipPetroli. Quite frankly, these oil companies have hindered rather than helped the Nigerian population. One must ask the question, who benefits from the oil? Certainly not the people of Nigeria! Despite 45 years of intense oil producing, a large proportion of the population still live below the poverty line. The Western economic rationale has been purely selective in favour of the West's own interests and to the detriment of the local communities. It appears that the oil rich region of the Niger Delta is stuck in a time warp with little real change since the wealth producing commodity was discovered. In the smaller towns there has been barely any development: no roads, no electricity, no running water and no telephones with people struggling to survive on less than \$1 a day. The benefits from oil companies such as ChevronTexaco have been on, what one might call, the conservative side. On the whole, Nigeria splits the profits 80:20, with the oil companies taking 80 percent of the profits. This may seem like a "fair deal", however most of the oil wealth tends to permeate from the oil oligarchs straight into the pockets of corrupt government officials, doing little to finance the local communities. Isn't it ironic! Despite all the hype, it would be wrong to conclude that all this "crudeness" is merely the evil doings of the oil conglomerates. How could one forget that the opportunity to exploit Nigeria for its crude oil was basically there for the taking, and moreover made readily available as such by the Nigerian government.

by a throng of naked women.

### the "crude" conundrum

Nigeria, located south of Niger and west of Chad, is flagged as the hub of Africa's oil producing countries. Home to Africa's richest oil petroleum and natural gas reserves, Nigeria is blessed with one of the best grades of oil, whose quality has been dubbed "pristine". However, most of the one hundred million people of Nigeria would more than agree that crude oil is a curse rather than a blessing. It comes as no surprise that this "pristine" oil is dirty: being the root cause of devious and corrupt international deals and investment, that impoverish further communities that already live in dire poverty.

Colonised by the British in 1914, Nigeria was an agricultural country that relied almost en-

tirely on subsistence farming, providing its citizens with sorghum, millet, corn, rice, yams and cattle. While the initial impetus for economic growth came from agricultural exports, crude oil became the main source of income. During the 1970s oil boom, the precious commodity became the backbone of the Nigerian economy and the exploitation of African oil and petroleum sky-rocketed. Like blood



## ANU Careers Centre

[www.anu.edu.au/careers](http://www.anu.edu.au/careers) 6125 3593

Arts Centre Laneway  
(opposite the Gods Cafe)

<p style="text-align: center; color: grey;">All Students</p> <p><b>Resumes</b> 21 Aug 10am-11am</p> <p><b>Networking</b> 29 Aug 11am-12pm</p> <p><b>Cover Letters and Selection Criteria</b> 5 Sept, 10am-11pm</p> <p><b>Interview Skills</b> 18 Sept, 10am-11pm</p> <p><b>Resumes</b> 8 Oct 10am-11am</p> <p><b>Interview Skills</b> 16 Oct 2pm-3pm</p> <p><b>Assessment Centres</b> 29 Oct 2pm-3pm</p>	<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; text-orientation: mixed; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; color: grey;">Arts</p> <p><b>Career Options for Arts Students</b></p> <p>Discover your transferable skills and find out about the wide variety of options available.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">12 Sept 10am-12pm</p> <p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; text-orientation: mixed; font-size: 2em; font-weight: bold; color: grey;">Science</p> <p><b>Careers Seminar Series for Science Students</b></p> <p>Four lunchtime seminars in August and September including:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Skills and Opportunities for the 21st Century</li> <li>• Standing Out From the Crowd</li> <li>• Job Applications that Work</li> <li>• Excellent Interview Skills</li> <li>• Industry and Alumni Talks</li> </ul> <p style="text-align: right;">Starts 12 August 1pm</p>
--	---

All Seminars and Workshops are held in the Careers Centre  
To register or find out more visit our website and register on CareerHub.



#### the price of oil

What is the cost of oil? Apart from the fact that petrol costs over 90 cents a litre in Canberra (last week), in the oil-rich Niger Delta the local communities are paying the real price of oil.

The irony is that when the Shell, ChevronTexaco, TotalFinaElf, ExxonMobil and AgipPetroli companies, first arrived in the Niger Delta, the villages and local communities rejoiced and applauded their new "partners". Mendacious promises were made by the multinationals to build roads, water systems, and school; it was, however, a crude awakening when all they received was a polluted environment and dispossession of their traditional land.

It was recently shown that between 1976 and 1996, a total of 4,647 spills occurred in the Niger Delta. If we do the maths this equates to 2.4 million barrels of oil adversely affecting the environment, seeping into the soil, poisoning the water systems, killing fish and agriculture. Yet, in many of these cases the oil companies were able to cry victim to sabotage by local people and therefore, claim an entitlement to not have to pay any compensation, in accordance with Nigerian law.

The small fishing village of Akaraolu is a prime example of how a once-simple life in an oil-rich region can be transformed into a fiery hell. For over 30 years, since the six international oil companies constructed a flare to extract crude oil, the villagers have not known a dark and peaceful night's sleep. Natural gas is a by-product of oil drilling, and although it could be liquefied for use the multinationals have opted for the cheaper alternative: burning it off. The hot, flames extend nearly 100m high, with deafening roars impinging on anyone in a 300 metre perimeter. The inhabitants of Akaraolu are forced to live in conditions where it is impossible to walk bare foot on the foot-path, and where even the water is too hot for fish to live. Greg Campbell, on website Africa Service, reports that "corrugated zinc rooftops corrode at an accelerated rate because of the air pollution; women miscarry frequently from the stress of the heat; men urinate blood; and children have never seen the starlight because

of light pollution". This is the price that innocent people pay for living in the oil-rich delta, a price that is dictated as well as created by the oil giants. Nigeria is the worst and most frequent user of gas-flaming.

This dire situation only intensifies when we delve further into the impact of oil on the environment. Reckless oil extraction leaves once fertile land barren, accelerating ecological damage, polluting the land. How many more oil spills and pollutions of water, air, and soil, can the Niger Delta and its people endure before reaching saturation point?

It is against this background that women are compelled to bare all.

and in the end...

The peaceful takeover of the Escravos refinery, instigated by the mere sight of disrobing women, came to an end after 12 days. The traditional "curse of the naked" was threat enough for officials of ChevronTexaco to reconsider the women's cause and reach an accord agreeing to

hire more than two dozen villagers and build schools, water systems and other amenities. But history begs me to question whether the problems plaguing the Niger delta are simply being met with more lies.

AN ADVENTURE INTO A HOT-BLOODED MEXICAN SUMMER  
OF WILD EROTICISM AND SELF-DISCOVERY

WINNER  
Best Screenplay  
Venice Film Festival

A film by ALFONSO CUARÓN

# Y TU MAMÁ TAMBIÉN

MARIBEL VERDÚ GAEL GARCÍA BERNAL DIEGO LUNA

"Before you can say ménage-à-trois the car is rocking harder than a tequila slammer."  
- EMPIRE MAGAZINE

"Comic, dramatic, erotic, sociological and even political- all without breaking a sweat."  
- LA TIMES

D-N-Y STA TRAVEL www.dendyfilms.com.au/ytumamatambien 18+ MEDIUM LEVEL SEX SCENES

EXCLUSIVE SEASON COMMENCES AUGUST 22 AT ELECTRIC SHADOWS

# 'The truth is cool man, but it's, like, totally unattainable...'

marla the tumour took time out from study to ponder over  
the existential angst of the upcoming film, *y tu mama tambien*.

What is it about the road trip? It's the ultimate in cool, it's the dream of every generation, it's the pursuit of every try-hard beat-poet-groupie who thinks that the freedom of Route 66 is the key to understanding Kerouac. And now it's back. The youth of today have embraced this iconic gesture of rebellion and so it has pervaded the current tradition of cinema, providing us with such gems as *Roadtrip*, *Roadkill*, *Duel* and *Crossroads*, or *Beneath Clouds* and *Rabbit Proof Fence*. Somewhere in the middle comes *Y Tu Mama Tambien* — translation: *And Your Mother Too* — making it as a workable film because you can always trust a foreign language film to give you something a little different, a little subversive, a little more within the ethos which should typify the road trip genre. Touted as a Mexican version of *American Pie*, this film takes teen-culture and makes it less cloying and more faithful to reality.

Meet Julio (Gael Garcia Bernal, *Amores Perros*) and Tenoch (Diegos Luna), two boys in their penultimate summer holiday of high school. As best friends, the two are attached to their girlfriends but anticipate a vacation filled with "sexual frolic" (I cite the production notes) once the girls have left for a trip to Italy. Within hours of engaging in adolescent shagging the girls are looking forward to an Italian fling or two while the guys are already planning for their months of freedom. In the following weeks Julio and Tenoch spend their days swimming, partying, drinking, smoking and "whacking

off". Bluntness is necessary here: this is a film which may offend the prudish and entertain the rest of us. Despite their different backgrounds, Julio and Tenoch are inseparable. Julio lives in government housing with his single-parent mother and hard-core-activist sister while Tenoch lives in a veritable mansion with his politician father and spiritualist mother. The guys are infantile and gauche and their exploits are giggle-inducing to the extreme. Despite their efforts to the contrary, seduction is not their forte.

A psychologist, a philosopher or a certified dental technician? Luisa (Maribel Verd) might look like one of the former but having been orphaned as a teenager she took the job which required four months of study and has x-rayed teeth ever since. Married to the philandering cousin of Tenoch, an author of the refined variety, Luisa believes herself to be in control of her life. When she discovers that life is controlling her she takes the boys up on their offer to show her the ultimate beach, *Heaven's Mouth*. The truth is that *Heaven's Mouth* never existed. Tenoch and Julio, caught out in this

fiction, take Luisa on a road trip to find this perfect beach. On the way they engage in philosophical discussions, explanations of what it means to be a "Charolastras" (a sort of men's club created by Tenoch and Julio) and more than one 'intimate' conversation/ encounter. Hmmm, OK, the film is a veritable shag-fest. In 105 minutes of film there are seven sex-scenes along with related dialogue, innuendo and discussion. This is, however, incidental to other events and issues which, whilst occurring in the background, are what drive and motivate the trio.

So are the rumours true? Is this merely a Mexican *American Pie*? While it has its moments, *Y Tu Mama Tambien* manages to go beyond mere shock value. Even though the film has more than a few *There's Something About Mary*-esque moments, the emphasis is on dialogue, plot and character rather than a few crazy scenes (although it has a few of those too). Consequently, the film succeeds with material that might otherwise prove to be just too much. Between Luisa's distress over happenings in her life and the developing relationship between Tenoch and Julio, the audience is left remembering more than the seven shagging scenes. Rather, you tend to recall moments such as



when Tenoch and Julio explain in all earnesty that "the truth is way cool, man, but it's, like, totally unattainable".

*Y Tu Mamma Tambien* will be screening  
at Ronin Cinemas.



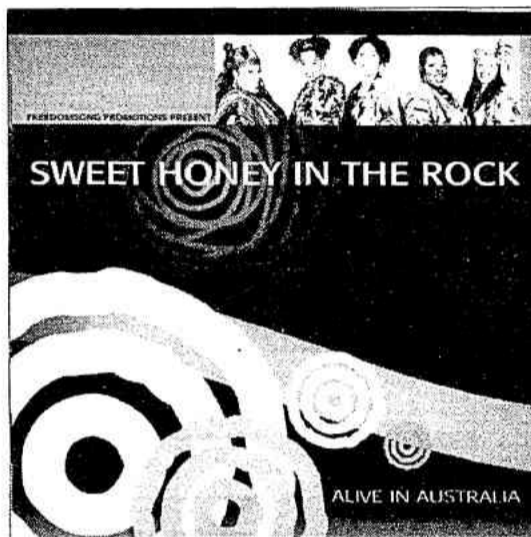
non: *children of the black sun*  
thom mackey



This CD is unusual. There is no real music here — it is art, not intended for acoustic enjoyment. It is not written as an album, but instead something of an exploration of noise, tones, rhythms. It is both boring and beautiful, empty and powerful, nothing and somehow important all at once. This recording is (apparently) inspired by the ancient mythos of Arcadia and the “ancient world,” whatever it is that’s trying to refer to, and this shows in the deep tones and slow-moving loops. This is particularly odd when one discovers it is released on the same label as many bands that you have not only heard of, but probably like — Nick Cave, Depeche Mode, and Moby, to name a few. I was filled with a feeling of sinking dread when I saw the 7-track CD weighing in at 43 minutes — I’m not always one for epic anthems, and the cover art looked like it might have been some quasi-metal rambling bad-riff filled goth

wank-a-thon. Fortunately, it wasn’t. For most of those 43 minutes I didn’t even notice it was playing. It just melted into the background, which is not bad, I suppose, but nor is it good. If you want to categorise it I suppose it would be ambient-goth-industrio-mope-weird, roughly speaking, but it really doesn’t fit into anything. Compare, perhaps, to Coil, Einstürzende Neubauten, and Merzbow’s mellow works, if that helps you at all. So, is it good? Should you buy it? Well, I don’t like it. I don’t not like it either, though; it’s very, very strange like that. The more listen to I it and ponder it the more I appreciate it, but I don’t like it. However, it is good for what it is, and if you think you might like something to mellow out to (in a dark, brooding way), to mope over, or to use as a soundtrack to a David Lynch-esque arthouse film, then yes, buy it. But just be aware that it’s not really music.

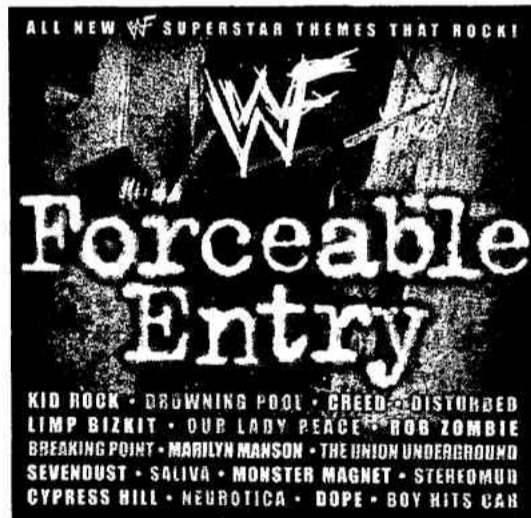
sweet honey in the rock: *alive in australia*  
daniel heard



Sweet Honey in the Rock is a five-woman African American a cappella group from Washington DC. They specialise in singing the traditional music of the black church, along with the broader musical heritage of African people worldwide. *Alive in Australia* is a recording of live performances from their time on our shores (incidentally, Sweet Honey are performing in Australia as you read this). Sweet Honey in the Rock are legendary for the incredible intricacy, beauty and power of their vocals, the result of nearly three decades of performing. Their singing truly is amazing, and it goes along with a strong passion for social justice that has gained them a cult following worldwide. This CD pretty much shows why that is. Despite the fact that the only sound is coming from the voices of the five mem-

bers onstage and their traditional African hand percussion instruments, the vocal ranges and combinations create the richest harmonies you’ve ever heard in your life. This particular album was edited to showcase the talents of each of the five members, and to also give a fair cross-section of the kinds of music Sweet Honey sing: from traditional West African songs (‘Denko’), to gospel (‘Can’t Hide Sinner’), to blues (‘Stranger Blues’) to protest (‘I’m Gon’ Stand’). Sweet Honey encourage extensive audience involvement in some of their songs, and Bernice Johnson Reagon’s banter with the crowd is pretty amusing at times, if you don’t mind that kind of thing. Sweet Honey rocks. Check them out.

wwf: *forceable entry*  
shultz marshall



When approached with this CD to review, I despaired. “WHAT, hot dang, diggity diggity dang diggity dang?! You want me to review **this**? But it’s terrible!”, I cry, while with my subconscious connection I beckon the one man with a big enough caravan to share this momentous task:

- 1 Royal Rumble
- 6 beers
- 1 night’s sleep

And I’m ready to roll. Pfaw, what an album. This here is an unrelenting power chord bonanza. Ear raping renditions of the theme songs of various wrestling superstars. Fuelled by the rage of a forgotten subclass, the music never lacks for energy (except in those pesky silences between the tracks, someone has to do something about that!). The compilation features such big name angry white men as Limp Bizkit (that fucking rollin’ song), Monster Magnet (one of the high points), Rob Zom-

bie, Kid Rock, and many more. Boy, they sure are angry. While all these groups demonstrated a good understanding of how to yell a lot, for me the high point of the album was from a far more obscure group. The ever-so melodic, Our Lady Peace. Essentially the Canadian equivalent of Powder Finger, they played an uncharacteristically heavy, but still musically adept theme for Chris Benoit, the Canadian wrestler. Fitting, isn’t it? This is very much the album for anyone suppressing cauldrons of rage. Will perfectly complement a therapeutic session of beating the crap through your wife and children, or drinking til you can’t stand, and then admitting that you’ve always found ‘the Rock’ really, really sexy. Speaking of ‘the Rock’, my one complaint is the absence of theme for him. How can you have a piece of wrestling merchandise without the most electrifying man in sports entertainment? Shame Mr McMahon, Shame.

Got something to say? Feeling political, bitchy, humorous or just plain old discursive? Write for *Woroni*. We will love you for it, and your friends will think you are cool. Send your reviews, opinion pieces, features, satire and news articles to [woroni\\_articles@anu.edu.au](mailto:woroni_articles@anu.edu.au)

cheryl bernard, *veiled courage: inside the afghan women's resistance*  
sam pietsch

*Veiled Courage* examines the Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan (RAWA), which was set up during the Soviet occupation to fight for a democratic, secular government through non-violent means, a struggle continued against the Taliban. The Taliban aimed to rob women of public voice, and *Veiled Courage* is at its best when it presents the stories of RAWA members and supporters in their own words. These interviews are an inspiring account of a resistance movement, and challenge stereotypical views of Afghani. Contrary to received Western opinion, Afghani women are organising to fight fundamentalist sexism. Methods of oppression including the burqa are converted into tools of resistance, and the provision of education and welfare are part of a revolutionary struggle. By presenting the stories of male supporters, Bernard also challenges the idea that all Afghani men favour the oppression of women.

Unfortunately the book has two major flaws. Firstly, there is no systematic or critical account of the organisation as a whole. RAWA's ideology, organisation and strategy remain largely a mystery. The result is a book on a political organisation which is devoid of political discussion. Even obvious questions, such as how effective their tactic of non-violent resistance was against the Taliban, are avoided. Secondly, the book fails to deal effectively with the question of United States involvement in Afghanistan. US encouragement of fundamentalism was not a "shortsighted" "mistake", but a deliberate political strategy. RAWA's opposition to the Northern Alliance forces who now control the country is conveniently ignored in *Veiled Courage*. RAWA's support for democracy challenges the new US backed autocracy. This is why the US has ignored RAWA. In the end, *Veiled Courage* presents an example of heroic resistance to oppression, without offering any real understanding of the organisation or the challenges it faces.



john birmingham *he died with a felafel in his hand*  
irma crotchet

I once lived briefly with a chap who had lived in 27 group houses over a period of between five and 10 years. The fact that this bloke was a right arsehole with a fierce aversion to domestic work and a deep inability to relate to other human beings may go some way to explaining why he had burnt his way through so many houses so very, very quickly. John Birmingham — unlike my anonymous arsehole — has achieved some fame, a little wealth and more than a bit of notoriety for having lived in lots of houses. Birmingham, however, is — on balance — probably not an arsehole. In fact, in providing a narrative thread that links close to a hundred tales of shared living in all its often squalid glory Birmingham comes across as being a decent kind of fellow who could generally be counted on to pay the rent, buy the milk and wash the fry-pan. Birmingham's "so over it" narrative demeanour, coupled with some salacious tales from the murkier end of the circumspect collectivism that is shared housing, make for a thoroughly enjoyable read. *Felafel* can

be knocked over in a couple of hours — but what an entertaining few hours those are. Birmingham's housemates are a procession from hell, but a hell recognisable to anyone who has enjoyed (or endured) even a passing relationship with shared living. ("Hell", as the cross-eyed philosophy major down the hall maintains, "is other people", after all). Rotting prawns in the telephone, radical Christians in the closet, drug busts, weird sex, strange encounters with the fringe left, the criminal element and the seriously wasted — absurdity and curious chance abound. Mr. Birmingham never aimed for more than to amuse, and amuse he does. Read it if you haven't, and thank your deity of choice *you* never lived with John Birmingham — not because you would have broken bread and bond with freaks of all descriptions but because all of your most ridiculous and obscure domestic habits would be up on show for the titillation of the nation.

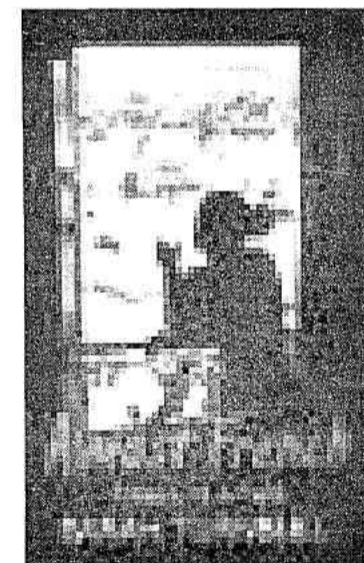


sarah turnbull *almost french*  
liz cotton

If you are looking for an escape from the approaching assessment blues, Sarah Turnbull's *Almost French* is the book for you. This witty and evocative read describes the author's experience as an Australian living in Paris, and all the cultural clashes that inevitably occur as a result. A chance meeting with an eccentric necktie-wearing Frenchman named Frederic begins a chain of events and repercussions that eventually see Turnbull settle in Paris to live and work. At first she is lonely and unhappy — unable to find work and frustrated with an alien culture. However, gradually the French philosophy to life is revealed to her — her experiences ranging from covering French Fashion Week to the ins and outs of keeping a dog in central Paris gradually provide her with increasing insight into the French way of life. Turnbull provides information, for example, about the French reverence for food and style, but also reveals insecurities such as the lack of French sisterhood. Ini-

tially, I must admit I was influenced by the cover illustration which pictures the author looking (presumably through her illegally constructed window — an amusing story in itself) over the characteristic rooftops of Paris, together with a passage a friend read to me which described the author's frustrated resort to chocolate. These first very girly impressions aside, the imagery that Turnbull employs allows the reader to soak up the French culture as she describes it, presenting a story that is a really enjoyable read.

It is interesting to note that Turnbull's bio reveals that she studied at ANU and dropped French after failing it in her first year. There is hope for us all, then: at least insofar as our chances of living the Parisien existence go.



You could win!\*

Come into The Co-op Bookshop and enter our "Back to Uni" competition for a chance to win...



- A \$500 Co-op Bookshop gift voucher
- A \$500 travel voucher from STA Travel
- One of 10 copies of Microsoft Publisher
- One of 3 sets of "Rough Guide" travel books
- One of 3 sets of Oxford reference books
- One of 100 copies of the 2002 Student Survival Guide

\*Only Co-op members may enter. Entry forms available with any purchase (one form per purchase). See entry form for terms and conditions. Entries close 30th August, 2002.



The Co-op Bookshop, ANU - Bldg 17, Union Court, Canberra ACT 0200, Phone 6249 6244 Fax 6248 8949 E-mail [anu@coop-bookshop.com.au](mailto:anu@coop-bookshop.com.au) [www.coop-bookshop.com.au](http://www.coop-bookshop.com.au)



*ali g indahouse*, mark mylod  
**randy lovespurt**

Firstly, listen to me. When you go to the cinema to watch a movie like this always be in the company of those who don't mind you cheering the actors onscreen. Encourage them to join in your bouts of applause for the fine cinematography you see before you, and truly appreciate fully the American-nationalism crud which appears, inevitably, at the end complete with the obligatory scantily clad women.

Ali G wakes up one morning to find the dog licking him to orgasm. This initial scene shapes the rest of the movie as a delicious toilet humour feast, not dampened by the many variations of the atrocities of Ali G's yellow costumes. Eww. This English gangsta rappin boy would have been funnier had he not appeared so often in the movie. His documentary style asides to us during the film become stale and...well, pointless. At one point he's just masturbating for our viewing pleasure.

I spent the rest of the movie wishing that Ali G would just die, as the local MP's plot to make Ali G shake up the houses of parliament unfolded in all its terrible splendour. When Ali learns that his local leisure centre is being shut down through lack of funding, he

is persuaded that the best chance to save it is to run for Government. Ali's immediate concern is the Boy Scout club that he runs there. "How is dese kids gonna make it outta de ghetto now?". What an interesting character this is. I just can't wait to see him in Ali G II where he'll rehash this astoundingly successful toilet humour again. Woo.

As for support characters, the girlfriend Julie provides some interest (she's the only real woman on the set, and thus the most victimised) and best friend Ricky provides less interest. The best part of the support cast are the posse, the Langley Village, Iver Heath, Englefield Green the East Staines Massive who join forces at the end to break into the Chancellor's house. Fascinating stuff. This film is funny for about twenty minutes.

*about a boy*, chris weitz  
**miranda tetlow**

There are certain, unquestionable truths in all high schools. One of these is that attending computer club with an unfortunate blunt bowl haircut courtesy of your mum is likely to mark you out for unwanted attention in the school yard. A school regulation grey jumper with a crest on it probably won't help your case much either. So it's little wonder that Marcus in *About a Boy* is such prime fodder for extra curricular bullying. With Fiona, his suicidal hippy mother in Community Aid Abroad get-up, a tendency to sing "Killing me softly" at the piano with his eyes closed, an abundance of daggy clothes and an unfortunate ability to break out into song in class without noticing it, life is (unsurprisingly) no easy ride at his London comprehensive school.

Then there's Will. Will lives off the royalties from his father's one hit wonder 'Santa's Super sleigh', a track that puts the 'k' back into classic. He lives life deliberately contrary to the maxim that "no man is an island", a quote he triumphantly attributes to Jon Bon Jovi in the opening scenes of the film. Will spends his day buying CDs, watching game shows on telly, cruising around in hip street wear and casually breaking women's hearts, until he dates Angie a single mother who, to his delight, dumps him first. Now the 'good

guy' for the first time in his life, Will decides that single mothers are the future, and to this end, invents a two year old son of his own to join a very touchy-feely support group in a tatty community hall. Which of course leads Will to Susie, an attractive blond and the only single mum who isn't wearing a T-shirt saying 'Lorena Bobbitt for Surgeon General', or its equivalent. In a six (or two) degrees of separation plot line similar to Canberra's own social scene, Susie is also friends with Fiona, which leads Will to Marcus. With his knowledge of gangsta rap, trendy sneakers and all things that constitute teen "cool", Will seems to be the only one who can save Marcus from himself, and inevitable school yard humiliation.

*About a Boy* is a very enjoyable film. It's fun, it's funny, everyone has a groovy London apartment, even if they only work as a music therapist, and you come out of the cinema feeling good. Badly Drawn Boy provides a great soundtrack, and Hugh Grant is outstanding at playing, well, Hugh Grant. My only disclaimer is that fellow Nick Hornby enthusiasts might also leave the theatre nodding their heads sagely, uttering the time-honoured platitude, "Yeah, it was good. But the book is better."

*el espinazo del diablo*, guillermo del toro  
**ben nguyen**

It is in the late stages of the Spanish Civil War. A young boy, Carlos, of wealthy parentage is brought to an orphanage by his tutor, who is abandoning him there so he may join the International Brigade. The orphanage/school is deep within a Catalonian desert, completely isolated, for the time being, from the war all around. Nonetheless, the unexploded bomb embedded in the dusty courtyard offers a stark reminder of the conflict taking place, and its ever-present destructive potential.

The devil's backbone of the title is the superstitious term given to a spinal condition in a foetus that results in miscarriage. The alcohol used to preserve the victims of such a condition is considered to have a number of remarkable qualities when drunk, including curing impotence. The doctor of the school, a man of science with a collection of a number of these 'specimens', laughs off these superstitions before quietly having a sip himself.

It is this intersection between what we think we understand and what we cannot explain that the film seeks to explore. War is at the heart of this and the ideas of brutality, violence and madness that define it. The story

that is played out thus becomes an allegory for war – both the one we never really see, but also all war. The politics of the war are not of great concern to the filmmakers despite the nominal leftist status given to those who run the school. They are most interested in the greed and pride that needn't have a side, and the ability of these things to destroy and do harm.

This is pursued through a number of disparate elements including a ghost story, love triangles, school bullies, and lost parents, along with fleeting images of the war. Holding all these elements together coherently proves to be a difficult task, and one that the film is not always successful in. Yet director Guillermo Del Toro is a skilful filmmaker adept at evoking a mood and in this he is most effective. The wondrous isolation of the setting with its vast empty surroundings and vaulted hallways and cavern-like basement provides the perfect opportunity for the slow build of horror. The performances of the children, who are forced to be corrupted by the violence they increasingly encounter, are highly convincing. The lesson is that we can never really protect children from the effects of war.



## why we loved the eighties...

### andrei seeto on: the teen flick to end all teen flicks

The Eighties, the cult writer's best friend; an endless source of top-grade grist for the *cult* page mill. Of that grist it doesn't get any better than *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. Released in 1986, *Ferris* came at a time when greed was still good, Allan Bond was a good bloke, Hawkey was the most popular PM ever, cartoons were king, and my parents would shower me with plastic toys to shut me up. I can't remember the first time I saw *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, I think it was on video (thankfully I didn't have those embarrassing parents who bought into a beta video player). Neither can I remember how many times I've seen it, nor sadly the last time I saw it.



*Ferris Bueller's Day Off* has to be one of my favourite films of all time. It has everything, one liners, slapstick, car chases, attitude, more attitude, and a great soundtrack. The movie follows one day in the life of Ferris (played by Matthew Broderick) as he skips school and has fun, borrows/steals his best friend's father's ferrari, goes to museums and baseball games, has lunch in a snooty restaurant, and takes part in/over one of those all American parades with floats in the centre of Chicago while avoiding crossing paths with his father and his arch-nemesis school dean of students Mr Rooney. Apart from the rather cheesy penultimate sequence when Ferris' friend Cameron 'starts to take responsibility for his life... blah, blah,

blah', the film is pretty much perfect. The essence of school as the monotonous herding pen in which life is slowly sapped out of the barely living is captured flawlessly in the hilarious roll-call scene.

Ferris is without doubt an insuperable spoilt brat,

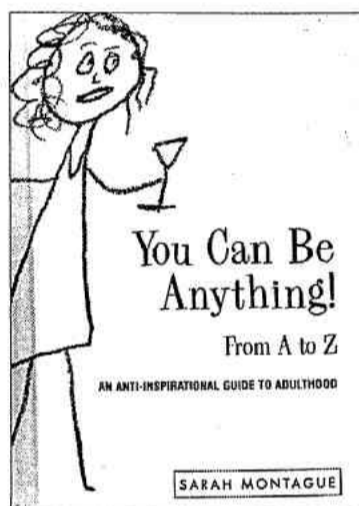
who gets what he wants when he wants it through the refinement of bullshitting into high art. Everything falls smoothly and easily into place for Ferris; if he has a close call that's just for a bit of reflexive humour and dramatic effect; Ferris is the Colonel Kilgore of suburbia. It would be easy to hate Ferris for all his *haute-bourgeoisie* smarminess and self-contented 'the world was created to serve me'-attitude. But that would be far too easy and entirely boorish. No, Ferris was the one person in the film who knew how to really live; shallow, well somewhat; fun, without doubt. It's a simplistic and rather selfish philosophy, which is why it works so well.



tude. But that would be far too easy and entirely boorish. No, Ferris was the one person in the film who knew how to really live; shallow, well somewhat; fun, without doubt. It's a simplistic and rather selfish philosophy, which is why it works so well.

### you can be anything! by sarah montague candy the cheerleader

*Maybe you should fly a jet! Maybe you should be a vet!* was one of the staple books of my childhood. In retrospect, Theo LeSieg (aka Dr Seuss) obviously hadn't heard of the dole (one of the lines in the book is "You've got to do something. What DO you want to do?") and arguably, Seuss had frequented a few too many Law Common room parties with his constant career admonitions, but he still had the presence of mind to include on his list of jobs, TV fixer, soda mixer, perfume smeller and fortune teller. And I was certainly reassured by the page which insists that, "Some girls are good picture framers. Some girls make good lion tamers". Phew, there is another option for me if the cheerleading doesn't pan out, after all. And rare is the day that I don't fantasise about being a hammock tester or a royal jester...



Anyway, it was with relief that I read the anti-inspirational guide, *You can be anything!* by Sarah Montague. Self acclaimed as a book for jaded adults and delinquent teens, this book had me rolling around on the floor in hysterics, particularly considering contemporary "career fever". This is the cynical A-Z of future options, ranging from "Bill is a born again" to "Yolanda is a Young Republican" (albeit with an 'A' and 'Z' entry, of course.)

While obviously American: "Kevin is a "kicker" on a football team. It's a really silly sort of thing for a grown up man to do, isn't it? He can't really play any other position on the team because he's not fast or strong. So he just kicks. Do you like playing football?! (I hope you play quarterback! It's the only worthwhile position on the team!)", Australians are so inculcated in all things American that the few popular culture and political references purely relating to the US are still easy to identify with. My favourite page would probably have to be "Micah is a Dungeon's and Dragon's Master":

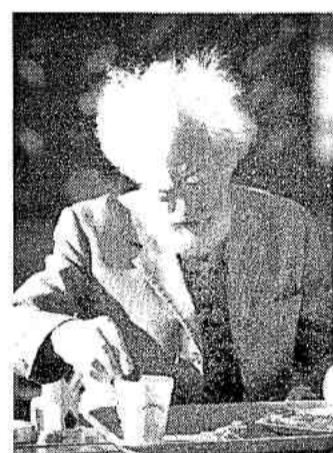
"When you roll the dice he says things like 'You are now entering a dark corridor. You have a magic dagger and the charisma of 9.' He's never had a girlfriend. Do you like playing games?"

And so it goes. Quentin is a Drag Queen, Jane is a junkie and Xebon likes X-rated magazines. At last, all my friends and I are together, between the covers of one self-help book.

## what's hip now: tea, the ultimate accessory

### amber beavis on: a fetish to make your grandma proud

The old adage is true: a cup of tea heals all ills. Stressed? Put on the kettle. Tired? Imbibe you caffiene the refined way. Need catharsis? Nothing beats the stove-top ritual involved in preparing a concoction of Punjabi chai. Tea is hip. Tea is now, oh so now. It's the new cocktail and reeks of understated chic. The traditionalists amongst us will, of course, tend towards the classic Twinings teas (ah how Earl Grey has stood by me in times of need). But if you're less old school and more new wave here are a multitude of teas out there for you which are undeniably uber funky. Take, for example, the up-and-coming brand *Clipper* which specialises in social justice for tea-pickers world wide. Their mission statement (see reverse of any *Clipper* tea packet) states that their "philosophy is to buy high quality tea from tea estates in the developing world where organic growing methods are combined with good standards of social and economic welfare for tea pickers and their families. Together, this approach ensures the protection of the land, the people that live and work on it and the wildlife, sustaining a balanced, fertile environment". It just goes to show that the imperialist associations which have dogged the tea industry for quite some time needn't prevent the politically aware connoisseur from enjoying a quality cuppa — just remember that tea made by free workers is just as good as that harvested by caste slaves. (Though the truly aware tea drinker will detect the difference that the sale of tea-pickers' children on the black-market will make to even the most anti-capitalist of beverages).



the earl taking tea: an establishment all on his own

**woroni's tea recommendations**

Punjabi Chai: Pure contentment tea this one. This is no wham, bam, thankyou ma'am tea-bag tea fiasco. No, true-blue chai takes a stove-top, a saucepan, a strainer and then you get into the tea, milk and honey. It's tea which goes the extra mile and makes its drinker truly hard-core...in a warm and comforting way, that is. When those around you bring out the ciggies and beer, try kicking back with a cigar and some chai. It's ace.

**Clipper Ayurvedic Calming Tea:** The ultimate chill out tea, but what else can one expect from the combined powers of green tea, cardamom, liquorice and j a s m i n e . Alone they are nothing. Together they create the mother of all relaxing teas. Plus the packet has a pretty blue crystal on it — what a winner.



exploitation makes the tea taste better.

**Earl Grey and Lady Grey:** They complement each other so well. On one side we have the traditional, responsible, trustworthy, dependable Earl. Always there for you, he's the perfect China tea lightly flavoured with bergamot. He can do crisply elegant with a twist of lemon, homely and tweedy with a spot of milk or be wild and rugged when taken straight. But then we have Lady Grey. Always the wild one, the rebel, the challenger of boundaries, Lady Gray is the uber funky grrl to the Earl's old



lady grey: a gumbo of effortless cool and uber chic

boys' club. She throws caution to the wind in her fusion of the traditional and the hip, integrating citrus peels and cornflowers into this gumbo of teas. Always ready to party hard, always schmick, Lady Gray is the black sheep of the Twinings Empire. But boy does she have class.

We're certainly in the thick of things in second semester, and we were off to a great start thanks to Dana Quick, the Social Officer, and her Bush Week team. Despite the rain on the first day, Dana and her team still managed to pull off a highly successful Trivia Night, BBQ and Thursday night out with Sonic Animation.

Since the last issue of *Woroni*, the Nelson Review into Higher Education has released two more discussion papers. The first paper is called 'Setting Firm Foundations' and addresses the funding and financing of universities. This is perhaps one of the most important issues because much of the constraints facing universities is due to a lack of money to be able to do anything else. At the ANU, faculties strive to provide more tutorial classes to reduce the staff-student ratios, but this requires additional resources. Lecturers leave our university to go elsewhere because we can't pay them enough to keep them. Consultation times for undergraduate and Honours students are cut short because academics are forced to take on administrative duties due to a lack of support staff. Small classes are constantly under threat because some see them as 'economically unviable'. It's important that we, as students, make it clear to the Nelson Review that putting money into

higher education is an investment in the future of Australia.

We should also make it clear that students will not support a deregulated fee environment. The AVCC recently came out in support of universities setting their own fees. This is not an acceptable solution because it means 'sandstone universities' are able to charge premiums based simply on their names. As fees go up, so do HECS debts, further inhibiting the ability of students to gain income as they leave university.

The Firm Foundations paper criticises the higher education sector as 'academically, managerially and financially' inefficient. The Students' Association will take the view that this is a false perception. When universities are asked to make choices such as more security or more lecturers, there is something seriously wrong. The Firm Foundations paper presents four models of funding to be considered. I will

be forming a group to discuss the implications of these models and other ideas raised in the paper in order to make a submission to the Nelson Review. I hope that the group will meet in mid-August. If you're interested in coming along and learning more about the paper, please email me at [supresident@anu.edu.au](mailto:supresident@anu.edu.au).



prez sez:

The second discussion paper released from the Nelson Review is entitled 'Varieties of Excellence'. It asks the question whether universities should diversify in their offerings or specialise in certain areas. It makes the claim that universities 'duplicate' each other in their subjects. For instance, at present, all thirty-seven universities offer business and management courses. Further, it claims that twenty per cent of units have fewer than five students — according to the discussion paper, this may represent 'inefficient use of public funds'. This is an argument that we should move quickly to dismiss. The ANU is one of a very few number of universities

to teach subjects such as Theatre Studies, Arabic and Vietnamese. If we were to set these subjects aside simply because there were not enough student numbers, students would suffer. For many students, it's not feasible to move across the country to study a course offered only in one university. That is not to say that universities should compete, rather than co-operate, but we must be careful in how we frame our response to the 'Varieties of Excellence' paper.

I'd encourage those who have an interest in the higher education sector to contact me and share ideas about the Nelson Review. I hope for the Students' Association submissions to these discussion papers to reflect the values that ANU students hold dear.

On a lighter note, the International Student Awareness Week (ISAW) will be held between 26 August – 30 August, organised by ISSANU. Make sure you keep an eye out for what's happening and come along to join the fun.

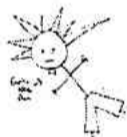
**Joanne Yin**  
SA President  
[sa.president@anu.edu.au](mailto:sa.president@anu.edu.au)

Fourteen people from ANU made their way to Perth in July for the Students and Sustainability conference. Here are some of their reports.

**Jeanette:** I flew to the conference, and leapt straight in. I was into the strategy workshops, the campus greening issues, the national policy issues and urban planning panels and the chance to compare experiences with people working on similar campaigns across the nation. I was particularly interested in the WA government's adoption of sustainability as an ongoing issue, and their appointing a sustainability office to mainstream green governance. I also enjoyed wearing a dress and playing a synthesiser on the Friday night.

**Teaky:** Perth's Students and Sustainability conference was a week long orgy of networking, learning, hippy lovin', positive non-violent action, and fantastic vegan food! Rations were meagre however, but that served to keep us from being too wild as the whole 600 strong contingent were there ready to take over the world in a very green way!!! Unfortunately I missed four days of wonderful workshops and fantastic forums. My S and S mid-semester break was mostly spent trying to get to the conference and having an eye-opening time doing so! I saw this beautiful country in many shades and forms. From the desert, to saltbush (where our car first broke down), to mallee and beyond to Aboriginal Land, whales and all, we missioned hard to catch some of the conference. When we finally arrived I was lucky enough to catch workshops I'd been anticipating. Many and varied were the pursuits on offer. S and S was comprised of a myriad of workshops and forums designed to capture everyone's attention and fuel every-

one's passions. Firstly, while my partner in Nullabor adventures attended a junk percussion workshop, I checked out a aid worker's forum. After that, while others went and explored the future of sustainable agriculture, I learned to juggle and walk on stilts. Sustainability of the earth and its resources was not the only focus, we also concentrated on how we could sustain ourselves. It's easy to burn out when you work hard to make the



your enviro collective loves you

ANU, the ACT, the country, and the WORLD a greener place, and everyone needs to work on how to sustain our fire within!

**Fireeye McGlobin:** I had to hitchhike 3000kms from Port Pirie to get there after the van broke down. That was great, because I got to interact with people coming from totally different headspaces than myself, trying to find a common ground to relate on for sustainability stuff. When I got there, we made like monkeys and massaged each other with twelve arms. I went down this path because at university I do a lot of human Ecology and so on, and doing theatre, body movement, singing and dance, and playing like silly buggers is a good complement to that. It helped me to focus on building optimistic alternatives to the current way of the world. And there were some really spunky people there, which inspired me onwards and over.

**Sunset Sam:** Since I have returned I am quite exceptionally inspired to work towards sustainability in all aspects of my life. I really want to do lots of work that has something to do

with good shit. I want to use wood that is sustainable. The other thing is something about quietness, and the fact that humanity has not been able to produce anything that fucking true. Here is something I prepared earlier: There is so much noise and rapid movement. I can not think. Why is circular noise so hard to bear? There are so many noises in this workshop that are utterly continuous — whilst any electric motor is running the whole place is filled with a vile hum that invades every place and moment. The sound of a hammer striking an anvil is also loud and invasive, but it does not go on and on — between each strike is quiet, a time to pause and again hear the world. This pause does not last long, but it is there. In great contrast to this is the shrill hum of the jointer, a sound unceasing and wholly unavoidable. There is absolutely no point in the cycle of the blades that there is stillness. This is the difference between cyclic noise — the repetitive sound of a handsaw cutting timber — and circular noise — the continuous, a bandsaw.

**Clara:** What I found most inspiring about S&S was the connections I made with people from all over the country who have a similar vision of what we want to happen in our future, for our individual pursuits and in the world we live in. The sharing of knowledge for all things green and other fun stuff besides. The march through the main streets of Perth was a colourful display of happiness that fucked (my) a passer-by in the head.

**Dan(iel) MacKinlay**  
SA Environment Officer  
[envirocollective@anu.edu.au](mailto:envirocollective@anu.edu.au)

show me the money

**M**y Fellow Students,  
Since my last report we have completed stage 3 and 4 of our 7 Stage Financial System Improvement and Upgrading program.

Recommendations to the SA by the Auditors have been considered and progressively implemented. As mentioned previously, these changes will effectively improve all departments, sub-departments and clubs and societies.

In particular, one of the major improvements will be the integration of online reporting and documentation procedures, which will further enhance our accountability.

Other things to note. The audited and qualified financial report for the year ended 31 December 2001 was presented to Finance Committee and passed without comment.

One last thing, tax returns are due October 31. If you require any help completing your return, Free On-Campus help can be found at the Student Facilities Building 17, from Monday 5 August to Thursday 31 October. Contact me for any further information. Until next time, remember "Life is 4 Love or 4 \$\$\$".

**David Le**  
SA Treasurer  
[sa.treasurer@anu.edu.au](mailto:sa.treasurer@anu.edu.au)

## cunninglinguist

Women in Education week is upon us and by the time you read this, the stress will be at an all time high. A week of events is planned to recognise, celebrate and reaffirm women's place in the education sector while ensuring that the barriers to our education in society, families, the economy etc are addressed and to raise the consciousness of at least this campus, that we have a **LONG WAY TO GO!**

The issues are broad but crucial and we have tried to cover most of our bases. The collective has been a creative hive of activity covering the safety campaign, refugees, women as workers, non-English speaking, non-white, non middle class women and above all women as students. The handbook saps the greatest energy and could not have been put out if it wasn't for the existence of Lucy Sargeson. No really, there wouldn't be a handbook! The countless hours of typing, searching, laying-up and illustrating articles as well as the sheer conviction that Lucy brings to the collective is crucial to the way it operates. Thank you Lucy.

Programmes for the week will be distributed beforehand as well as being publicised on bollards, poster boards and such, so check it out, turn up and participate.

The main issue we will be tackling this semester is safety for women on campus. The Student's Association is running a general safety campaign, which as a collective, we participate in but we will also be running our own, women specific, campaign to highlight just how dangerous it is to be on campus. For all those who are interested in participating, contact me in the office by phone or e-mail. For those who aren't interested, remember that we're fighting for your safety too.

To discuss this and other issues, there is a department meeting in the Rapunzel Room on August 8, at 12:30pm. All undergraduate women are invited to attend and realise what a contribution they can make to the department, collective and women on campus.

To finish my contribution for this month, I'd like to congratulate all the women in the collective for their hard work last semester and hope that we have another semester just as successful.

**Nadia Docrat**  
SA Women's Officer  
sa.womens@anu.edu.au



## club it to death

### ANU Filmmaker's Society

ANU Filmmakers are looking for a short screenplay to produce over this semester. If you have an idea, or just want more information, please email us at [anufilmmakers@hotmail.com](mailto:anufilmmakers@hotmail.com). Submissions should be received by Friday, August 30.

**Eat Carpet and Other Fine Foods**  
The next meeting for the ANU Filmmakers is on Friday August 30 at 6pm in the Manning Clark Centre, Theatre 6. We'll be showing some short films, members' works-in-progress, and talking about filmmaking over a few beers. There is no cost for members, and anyone is welcome to join.

### SCUNA

The ANU Choral Society (SCUNA) presents 'O Magnum Mysterium', a concert of diverse Renaissance music conducted by Jonathan Powles. Friday 16 August 2002 at 8:15pm, St Andrew's Church, State Circle, Forrest. Tickets on sale Thursday 15 August from 12 - 2pm at the University Union. Discount for advance sales! Tickets also available from 7.30pm at the door, \$18 / \$14 concession / \$12 ANU student. Inquiries 6257 8769.

tion / \$12 ANU student. Inquiries 6257 8769.

### Kabuki 2002

The thought of a little cross-dressing, some kimono-clad falsettos and a few female samurais tickle your fancy? Well look no further than the Japan Centre's production of "Iwashiri koihiki ami", the bilingual theatrical extravaganza by the acclaimed Mishima Yukio that will rock your wooden geta' off. With an all-ANU cast, directed by the one-and-only Ikeda Sensei, and teamed with some judicious deviations from the orthodox Kabuki tradition, it promises to be a mighty fine production. Prepare to be regaled by tales of unrequited love, soliloquies bemoaning life and other assorted afflictions, and of course, some good ol' fashioned slapstick. (Those irritated by flamboyant rhetoric, are recommend to skip straight to this bit):  
What: Kabuki 2002, ANU's adaptation of a traditional Japanese drama  
When: 6 and 7 September, 7:30pm  
Where: ANU arts centre  
Cost: nuttin — yes that's right- zip, zero, zilch.

## queer as fuck

Term 3 continues on apace, with lots to look forward to in the next couple of weeks.

First of all, there is the Sexuality Department Annual General Meeting, which will be held on Monday August 19, starting at midday in the Students' Association Conference Room. Items on the agenda include sticker/poster campaigns, improving our library resources and ways to spend our second semester budget of \$2800. Of course, most important will be the ratification of candidates for the position of Sexuality Officer 2003. So come along, contribute and find out

who might be 'running the show' next year.

Then there is what promises to be the major highlight of this semester- the inaugural Jellybabies Masquerade Ball. The Jellybabies Ball will be held on Friday August 23, upstairs in the Union Building. Tickets are \$25 and include a three-course meal. Keep an eye out for people selling tickets in the refectory or contact the Jellybabies e-group or the Sexuality Department [phone: 61258514 or email: [sexdep@student.anu.edu.au](mailto:sexdep@student.anu.edu.au)] for more details.

Looking backwards for a minute, I hope people had a good time at the Caffeine Rush afternoon and Karaoke

**Jellybabies Masque Ball**  
THE QUEER AND QUEER-FRIENDLY BALL

Friday, 23rd August  
8:30pm till late. Optional after-party.  
Dress: Formal/ smart-casual/ drag...  
Cost: \$25 per person, including 3 course dinner  
Open to all ages  
To buy tickets, or for more information:  
[jellybabiesclub-venue@chicago.com](mailto:jellybabiesclub-venue@chicago.com)  
[student.anu.edu.au/Clubs/Jellybabies](http://student.anu.edu.au/Clubs/Jellybabies)

### Apathy Man Comic Launch

Apathy Man finally makes his way officially on to the Canberra scene!  
Thursday 22 August  
8pm Launch @ Toast  
Free Entry

### St. Vincent De Paul Bonfire Nights

Free food and company for those students finding it hard to make ends meet. This happens every Thursday night, 6-8pm at the Forrestry Fire pit on the corner of Sullivans Ck. & Daley Roads.

night earlier this term. And, once again, thanks to all those people who helped out during the Queer Collaborations conference in the mid-year break. Over three hundred queers from around the country turned up for a week of politics, networking and socializing. From the feedback we have received, most attendees had a great time and have heaped praise on the organizing collective — thank you.

Anyway, that's it for now. Keep an eye out for more events to come.

### Alastair Lawrie

SA Sexuality Officer  
[sexdep@student.anu.edu.au](mailto:sexdep@student.anu.edu.au)

Graeme Andrews  
Ged Stenhouse  
Peter McPhillips  
Michelle Naracott  
02 6202 7000

**BEST EMPLOYERS TO WORK FOR IN AUSTRALIA**  
For the second year in a row  
No.3 Best Employer overall  
No.1 Professional Services Firm Employer in Australia

**The award winning choice...again**

**Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu**  
[www.deloitte.com.au](http://www.deloitte.com.au)



# THE 'STRINE

MAKING PROCRASTINATION EASIER



Thorpey secedes from Australia based on gold medal count: "I'm my own tin pot democracy"



Eddie McGuire "surprised": gets highest score in National IQ test

## Labor launches Euro(bodalla) Vision Contest

### "Matilda" Fordinggrass-Mavis

"It's time," said Simon Crean in a bold and groundbreaking speech to his disgruntled party. And behold, the hacks looked at Cheryl Kernot's bodgy autobiography, the fact that Gareth Evans was being touted as a "good looking and charming man", and their own inability to hold a "Hoi Bingo" night at the Ginninderra Labor Club, and saw that it was true. Indeed, having enlisted the support of other Labor hacks and politicians also past their useby dates, Crean gleefully announced to *The Strine* that he had found the answer to Labor's floundering party image problems. "We've struggled for too long trying to come up with policy statements on the GST and refugees that are pretty much the same as the Coalition, only less bad and more lefty and stuff. It's time for a new song, a new catch phrase, a new piece of rhetoric. Just

to drop in a sporting analogy to show that I'm the same as any other true blues Aussie clobber digger mate, we need a new team chant to barrack from Stadium Australia."

With the help of Bateman's Bay High School, Jervis Bay Primary School and some Year 11 media students from Narrabundah college, Crean has launched an Australian version of the Eurovision song contest in order to find a worthy successor to "Ozzie Ozzie oi oi oi", with what he calls "some Labor party edge". Rumours have not yet been confirmed that Paul Keating intends to enter a little number he calls a "multicultural Australian version of 'Material Girl'", with other Labor politicians, including Mark Latham on backing vocals in tight lycra. Simon Crean refused to comment on whether he thought

Jenny Macklin's entry, "Heal the world, make it a Creaner place" would eventually win the competition.

The contest will be held in September, and will be called the Euro(bodalla) Vision Contest. Crean could not make any more comments to *The Strine* as he was too busy laughing at his witty and pun-ny (sorry) use of (brackets). He later thanked the ANU Cultural Studies department and their collection of honours theses for the inspiration.



Below: Mark Latham petitions Crean, "I want to be the one in silver fiores and a wig". Top Right: "Talent will be no barrier to success", says Crean.



## ADFA Cadets mourn "brother in arms"

### Simone de Boudoir

Armed Forces Cadets studying at the Australian Defence Force Academy have entered into mourning after the *Mooseheads* pub was destroyed by fire two weeks ago. A press release was issued by the cadet student body which stated that "we are most grieved at the loss of our comrade, our brother in arms, *Mooseheads*. But we take strength in the knowledge that he will not grow old as we who remain grow old. Age will not weary him, nor the years condemn. And at the coming of the happy hour, we will remember him."

Staff members too have expressed their sympathy upon the passing of *Mooseheads* and have unanimously agreed that all assessable items have extensions applied to them. Senior lecturer in military history, Major Stanislaw-Kohlslaw, explained "it's all very well to expect the best-funded government agency to just 'carry on' and 'get over it' but the *Mooseheads* establishment and culture was

symbolic of a number of long-standing military traditions. Military personnel have an established relationship with civilian women — and men, of course — of a very special nature. Its presence will be missed by both the Cadets and the people of Canberra. Its loss is not just a loss for our soldiers but a loss for all whom they serve, namely, all Australian Citizens"

University spokesperson, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson-Paranoia, confirmed

that a number of cadets had been diagnosed with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder and that the Academy had supported



leave of absences for affected students. "What people fail to realise is that the Defence Force is all about mateship and when you remove the framework from within which this mateship is expressed, then clearly there will be some issues to deal with. We feel that a supply of extra butterscotch schnapps in the on-base *Casey's Bar* will be more than adequate to help the cadets deal with their loss".

(Above): In honour of his deceased brother *Mooseheads*, Private Wilkinson has sworn off picking up drunk girls in bars for at least two weeks. (Left) Staff and students alike flocked to commemorate the last remaining piece of faulty electrical wire.

ADFA cadets will display regulation black armbands for the duration of an official period of mourning. A twelve-gun salute will be open to the public on Sunday in honour of the passing of *Mooseheads*. All peace-keeping missions, manoeuvres and pick-up expeditions will be cancelled until further notice.

# Alexander Downer: School yard sop, again

**Dougal McSchooner**

This week, 500 000 tonnes of wheat were rejected from Iraq, amidst claims that Australia has been too enthusiastic as America's self appointed side kick.

"I just wanted to fit in," said Downer. "I just wanted the big boys to like me and include me in their games. I thought it would be really cool if I said I hated Iraq and wanted to bomb them. I thought then George might invite me to his house to play

Playstation."

George Bush was dismissive of Downer's pleas, "We expect people to prove themselves, but this was just going too far. Australia can be so annoying. They're such try hards. Why don't they just be cool and indifferent like the French?"

Iraqi government representative, Mohamid Haal Ak Bin Halaal conferred with Bush. "Yeah, Australia

are just try hards. This is between us, and America, they should just butt out."

Meanwhile, Howard has stuck up for Downer. "I don't care about the wheat farmers. I just wanna see what weapons of mass destruction look like and go over to George's and play Playstation."

In related news, James Packer also called Jodee Rich a user who wears nappies.

# Australian Journalist "feels oppressed by the youth of today"

**john john-sheabanoo jnr.**

The news of a proposed visit to the ANU by *Australian* journalist, Jane Fraser has thrilled Barry Wilkins, a 2<sup>nd</sup> Year Arts student specialising in self congratulatory boomer journalism. "I never miss 'Last Look'", gushed Wilkins. "Jane Fraser never fails to be innovative. Last week, the way she wove together the advance of technology and the failure of children to play innocent games in the playground anymore was sheer brilliance. And she's right. People my age are most likely to die wrapping their porsche around a tree or bungee jumping. What a selfish generation we are."

Not content to limit her comments about the "youth of today" to the back page of the "Review" in the *Weekend Australian*, Jane Fraser has decided to launch a nationwide public speaking tour. Fraser also plans to speak out about the oppression of other middle aged media personalities and their limited access to air and print space. Their oppression in the media has also been duly noted at a federal level, and Philip Ruddock has been the first of many politicians to rally behind Fraser and compliment her on her timely 'youth bashing' endeavour.

Locally, Barry Wilkins also plans to

fundraise in order to ensure that both Fraser, Adams and their contemporaries receive the recognition they deserve. "The salary and back page position they both currently hold is just a kick in the face. How can journalists like these communicate to the people when student papers and fringe publications like *Woroni* and *BMA* continue to hog the limelight?" His subsequent application for ANUSA funding has been enthusiastically endorsed by both the Young Liberals and the "Counselling is for pussies who can't handle reality" Collective. ANU students wishing to donate can contact Barry care of the "Too much trite is barely enough" campaign.

# The Nation And Me: A Continuing Romance

**"Simple" Tom Keneally**

In other countries, middle-brow novelists generally avoid politics. But this young brown land of ours, this nation struggling to become more quintessentially itself, needs a wise public intellectual at the tiller, and I'm the closest thing it's got.

Ever since my Akubra transplant, I've tried hard not to be too European. I mean, all the intellectuals who still live here see through that old "cultural cringe", the prejudiced assumption that Europe and America are the centre of the world, just because their seven hundred million citizens own and run it. We educated Westies know that Australia has as much sheer bloody cultural magnificence as anyone could want. Really, if you put all our artists and thinkers and so on in a list it is very long. Think of Baz Luhrmann's films about Love and Death, David Williamson's plays about Art and Sex and Politics, and all the drawings of Ned Kelly. Stuff Christendom! As far as I'm con-

cerned, we need to get on with the job of forming a completely antipodean national identity, based on the timeless sacred cows of the second Keating administration. To this end, I see myself as a tireless literary loom, weaving all the threads of our nation into a single bright patchwork, which can seamlessly enshroud everyone, even high-brow novelists and the ACM.

For me, the most important element in our national history is our unbroken tradition of egalitarianism and civil unrest, from the convicts and the bushrangers, to the stockade, the unions and the Whitlam government. My very own great-great grandfather in-law was transported from Ireland for inciting a disturbance in a public house with his doggerel

poems! The waves of immigrants who followed him have brought more and more equality to our shores, and given our Australia the most beautiful words

ever written: "We are one but we are many/ and from all the lands on earth we come." No wonder our society has always been the most progressive in the world! We are a nation of immigrants, except the Aborigines, who are more genuine as a result. They have taught me so much! To think we once dismissed their

dances, crude wind instruments and fables about the Creator Spirit! Now, every time I trace a delicate song-line through the unpeopled desert, I feel more Australian, and less a child of the crabby old Enlightenment.

Many Australians don't share my vision, and I blame colonial hang-ups and globalisation. But I have a solu-



# Australian Uglies Association "incensed" at Cleo's Top 50

**janette carpenter**

The Australian Uglies Association (AUA) issued a statement condemning the blatant prejudice against ugly people in the mainstream media and alternative press. The most vile display of this discrimination occurred when Gloria Seymour and Mather, featured right, were rejected from *Cleo's* prestigious "50 Most Eligible Bachelors" list.

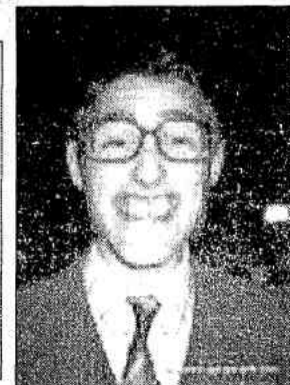
Gloria told *The 'Skrine* that she felt,

"being an ugly woman was no barrier to eligibility". She also felt that the term "bachelor" was equally offensive. Anastasia met her husband Mather at a barn dance organised at Uglies.com, "All freaks are our freaks", and said that although the two shared a loving relationship, they welcomed *Cleo* readers who might be interested in 'joining in'.

Their exclusion from *Cleo's* Top 50

was only heightened by the cruel treatment previously received by other AUA members in *Woroni*, dubbed "hideous freaks" by student hacks.

(Left) All Mather and Gloria want is to appear in *Cleo* in skimpy clothing. Why must they be denied their only life ambition, purely because they are aesthetically displeasing?



# 1-800-no ethics

Sick and tired of visiting lawyers who say, 'Oh, I can't let you lie in court, that would be against my ethics?' Well, you need to visit the 'Lawyers without ethics' law firm.

We have doctors on call who are paid to exaggerate your existing injuries, and to create injuries that don't exist, as well as an entire department dedicated to 'beating the polygraph'. Our professional actors will teach you how to lie and cry on the witness stand.

What's that you say? You don't have any witnesses? Don't worry, our firm has a series of ready to go fake witnesses available at a small fee. Some of our witnesses have starred in such programs as the *Bold and the Beautiful*, *Days of our Lives*, and *Echo point*, others have lied in court for John Laws, Alan Jones, and Rose Porteous.

Have you had trouble convincing law firms that the facts of your case have merit? Don't worry, we will take the facts of your case, and then get our team of scriptwriters to turn it into a legal problem.

So if you want some dough, fraud is only a phone call away. Ring 1800-no ethics today!



tion. Maybe, if the brilliant teachers in every primary school in Australia inculcated my new creed into their pupils, in time, the metropolitans would catch on, and a whole gaggle of commentators would adopt my principles as journalistic axioms, abetted by our nation's wonderful cultural insularity and patriotic self-regard. Even better, if we became a republic, we could abolish the desiccated state cult we pay to a foreign monarch, and really idolise one of our own. I only hope that I live to see the day when, lifting their faces from their barbecues, Australians will realise their rampant oneness and march on into the sun, under the benign leadership of their middle-brow novelist-cum-president, one unique and quintessential nation under the kangaroo and the emu: "We share a dream, and sing with one voice. I am, you are, we are Australian".



# dear taxi driver

are you still on the I-plates of life? do you want to move into top gear? buckle up as woroni's resident driving guru shares his tips on how to get ahead and smash some heads.

Dear taxi driver,

I've just moved to the bright lights of Sydney, and I'm hungry and need cash fast so I can afford to go to acting school. What does a chick have to do to earn an honest dollar around here? I'm a real people person and everyone says I look 'real adult'. I do have a concentration span as short as a match, but some people say that can be an occupational bonus in some industries?! Taxi driver please help me fulfil my childhood dream and get my name up in lights.

Hugs and kisses

Jodie

Hey baby,

This is a common problem faced by the yooof of today; don't worry you're not alone. There are many *support groups* for young whipper snappers like you. I think you would find just what you're looking for within the loving energy and camaraderie of my good friends at 117 Bourke St. Kings Cross, a close knit community of young girls in just your situation! You get a room of your own — though not necessarily with a view — and there's a friendly massage parlour a mere hop, skip and a step away downstairs. And hey it's much toastier than the kerb:-)

Dear taxi driver,

I'm one of your ordinary, lovable, 'Ps-make-degrees' ANU students and I was in a Canberra cab a few days ago, engaging in light banter with one of your compadres, when I was all of a sudden submitted to the most foul and unsolicited verbal abuse. Your fellow taxi driver ran amok on a wild diatribe on how this fine newspaper — pillar of the community that it is and for which you provide this sterling advice column — was nothing more than a krapulent ego trip for a bunch of wannabe journo hacks. Indeed he went so far as to say *Woroni* was, to quote said taxi driver, "the shittiest student rag I have



ever come across, and not just in Australia, but the whole fucking wide world, mate". Shocked and appalled, I was left absolutely speechless by the venomous bile that he spat in my general direction? How should I have dealt with this invidious situation?

Yours in sincere and solemn indignation  
"Matilda" Fordinggrass-Mavis

Matilda, grasshopper, listen carefully coz I'm only gonna say this once.

The Patron Saint of taxi drivers Travis Bickle had a simple solution to dilemmas such as yours: "Are you talkin' to me?!!". With these few simple words you can convey in a single punchy sentence every retort worthy of the name, err... retort. 1) fuck off you fuckety fucked-up freak; 2) you defame the profession of taxi driving, troglodyte; 3) step away from the ve-hicle; 4) you smell like a drowned sewer rat that choked on a piece of mouldy cheese; 5) well fuck you too!!!; 6) fuck off and die!; 7) You Random!!! And the wonderful thing about this multi-purpose phrase is that it's applicable to every taxi driver situation; whether he's bemoaning the loss of his girl friend and how he doesn't have anyone to go on weekend pig-hunting trips with and share those special moments together lying in bed chewing extra-fatty bacon rind, reading *Babes and Bacon* and making jokes about brawn; or extolling the virtues of Ron L. Hubbard's dianetics and how the truth really is out there you just have to look in the right place (Civic bus interchange, above the 2<sup>nd</sup> hand record store). Of course the downfall of this stratajam [sic] lies in the chance that said taxi driver may say back to you: "yeah I'm fucking talking to you cunt!". This leaves you with two possible courses of action: for the first stratajam follow Travis' finer points of etiquette for awkward social situations, see the penultimate scene of *Taxi Driver*, the second, run away run away....

## \* ATTENTION OVERSEAS STUDENTS \*



**ARE YOU GRADUATING FROM YOUR COURSE SOON?**

**DO YOU WANT TO STAY AND LIVE IN AUSTRALIA?**

If you are finishing your course of study soon and you would like to make an application for migration to Australia as a Permanent Resident, then contact us for a free assessment on your eligibility:

Australian Immigration Law Specialists Pty Ltd  
Registered Migration Agent 0107255

Email : [info@ausimmi.com](mailto:info@ausimmi.com)

Tel: Byron on 07 3839 6244

Fax : 07 3839 6255

[www.ausimmi.com](http://www.ausimmi.com)

Citizenship, Permanent/Temporary Visas  
Refund policy applies.

**DISCOUNT FOR STUDENTS**

For Free Assessment visit our website or email us on [info@ausimmi.com](mailto:info@ausimmi.com)

# we're all goin' on a bogan holiday



andrei seeto takes the road less travelled and finds a very special town in the New South Wales badlands.



North by North West lies Condoblin, population 3,500, one part-time bank, two supermarkets, a florist, a bakery or two, one kick-arse golf club, a Country Target store (to be closed soon), an artificial lake to challenge Canberra's Burley Griffin, and the minimum five or so pubs required to service a few thousand people. 'Condo' as it is affectionately known, located in the centre of New South Wales and a mere four-hours drive from Canberra, is definitely outback and somewhere on the cusp of woop woop. Some people choose mid-year break to go to "exciting" so-called "trendy" places like Sydney or Melbourne, but not I. There are far better people and places to discover on road trips off the beaten-track, this midyear break that place was Condo and its townspeople.

Travelling with three other adults and a two-year old in a small Mazda 121 hatchback (I have some yuppie friends) was always going to make for an interesting road trip on the way to a birthday party. I didn't set out with the idea of finding Conboganlin *per se*, but I did have a biting suspicion it would be there. In fact, I knew it would be hard, nay, impossible to be disappointed. I knew there would be bogans out there; and I knew I would find them.

Boorowa confirmed my suspicions. Boorowa is a real find, some would even say "a real gem"; but I wouldn't be one of them. Stopping for lunch at ye olde authentick country pub, the vegetarians amongst us managed to convince the publican and his fair wife that there were people who only ate vegetables, although we did hear something under muffled breath that sounded like: "fucking lettuce-munching city hippies", though maybe that was my aside.

Until Boorowa, I'd never seen a stuffed fox wearing a tiara sitting atop a bar before, and I doubt I ever will again. I think they called the frisky looking fox 'Captain Midnight'; no, now I'm definitely making stuff up. In any case, on seeing the stuffed fox we knew this would be a special trip, an eventful trip, a trip where we'd learn something new about ourselves.

The Boorowa pub we stopped at was great: panelled walls lined with photos of stunned looking merino sheep, local dogs running around inside, the smell of beer. Now we've all seen dogs sniffing each others' nether regions before; no surprises there. But on this occasion the full force of being in the country truly hit home when two local canines, Staffordshire terriers I think, started going hell for leather at each other in the middle of the pub

for the general edification of all who were present. (Fortunately, the staff photographer was too horrified by the sight before us to capture the image for posterity; so you'll have to be satisfied just with the stuffed fox.) Bogan dogs spell nearby owners, *bogan* owners. Find one and the other is never far away. We were surely getting deeper into bogan territory; things could only get better

In Condoblin we stayed in a mudhouse built by hand, brick by brick, by well-loved local identity, 'crazy old man Spencer'. Old man Spencer even gave us a demonstration of his machine, which made his mesmerising chocolately mud-bricks. The best part of the Spencers' mudbrick house though was their cocktail bar. After, a flying grasshopper or three, everyone was slipping into the local dialect easily: "haz it gaarn" - translation: how's it going - or "waz ze go aay" - translation: what's the go a'. It was time to go meet the locals.

Having arrived the day before the Condo B&S ball, the town was a buzz with the expectation of beer and sex. There were utes as far as the eye could see. We decided to do a crawl of the local pubs starting with the Railway, moving on to the Imperial, then the Royal, the Condo, and later on the Condo Golf Course. Two of my travelling companions, let's call them the Wild One and Perdita the Kokaine Kitten were brave enough to venture into the Railway Hotel. The Railway is shearers' territory. Inside through the thick soup of cigarette smoke the Wild One and Perdita met Shane. Shane is a shearer. By all accounts the last female Shane met was a woolly character who liked to be "all clean and shaven"... but that's another story. The Wild One and Perdita chatted or rather debated with Shane about the relative pros and cons of vibrators and 'what women really need' until Perdita was thrown into an asthmatic fit by the smoke soup, forcing them to retreat to the relative safety outside of the sweet Condo night air.

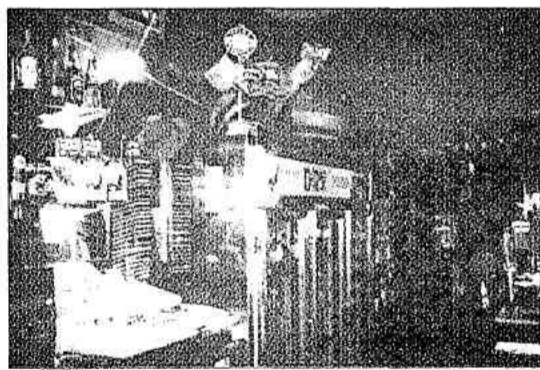
At the Royal, which had more soft porn adorning its walls than the O'Connor barber's, we discovered by chance that there was a disco on at the Golf Club; it was suggested we all go. I wasn't so convinced that this was a great idea, but anyway... There are somethings one must experience at least once in a lifetime, and a country disco is one... just. There is one simple word to describe this cornucopia of life as it is lived: BOGAN. This was bogan heaven all under the one roof, wall to wall. From one side of the room a picture of HM our Sovereign Overlord studying her Or-stralian subjects from one of the room's seasick-blue/lime walls. There was so much alcohol in this room that

you would have been able to get partially drunk on the air if it weren't for the thick walls of smokey cancer billowing throughout the room. And I can't say I've seen 'unofficial' racial segregation in Australia before, but there was definitely something similar to that going on in that golf club between the Anglo and Aboriginal parts of the community.

There's no way of recounting all the marvellous bogan-ness that manifested and instantiated itself in that room, but it's worth pointing out a few. Surveying the room the locals didn't look to different from couch-potato-backed urbanites, admittedly there were a few unmistakable troglodytes that screamed inbreeding or small gene pool, but in general it was the behaviour that distinguished generalised bogan-ness from the genuinely *über*-bogan. One great example of *über*-boganity has to be the orange-t-shirted leg-humper. This crazy individual seemed to have the duty

or role of making his way through the room attacking the legs of unsuspecting punters with a minute or so of mechanical cuckoo-clock like pelvic thrusting. What purpose this served or ritual it fulfilled I couldn't quite decipher and didn't wish to comprehend. The freak-arama was complete however when the goings-on or offs inside the women's bathroom was relayed to me by Perdita. According to Perdita's technicolour sharp description, in Condo it is customary for women folk to pull down all their pants as they line up in the toilets prior to utilising the plumbing. I could tell from Perdita's highly agitated state and cries of "bogans, no fucking way man, I had no idea, it can't be, it doesn't make sense..." that we were skating on the razor's edge. We were dabbling at the fire's source and it was inevitable that some of us would feel the fire or even get burnt by the bogan-ness.

The morning we left to head back to the dreary concrete-scape of Canberra, some of our party made a quick dash out to the after-math of the B&S, where they met Uncle Pom and others, who all seemed for some inexplicable reason to have half their face coated in green paint. I n d e e d, some of the Bachelors felt it necessary to reveal all. A hasty getaway was called for and we farewelled Condoblin, City of Bogans, passing through Bogan Gate on the way back, until the next bogan holiday.



(Above) stuffed foxiness.



NEF  
378.945  
LOOK

Brut aftershave: \$7.99

Ralph Lauren chambray shirt: \$140

Taxi fare from ADFA: \$30

Seven bacardi breezers for seven very lovely ladies: \$53

One unstubbed cigarette...  
**...priceless**

There's some things that money can't buy.

For everything else, there's arson.

